

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

After the battle, yet do not weep—

The day has not been lost us—

Although that fearful field is red—

With precious blood as e'er was shed

For any nation's honor—no,

This is no time for tears or woe,

Or counting what it cost us.

After the battle, yet do not weep—

Ev'n had we been defeated—

For thousands ready stand to fill

The place of those who cold and still

Sleep on the field. Far rather be,

"For Union and for Liberty!"

Our battle-cry repeated.

You cannot shout, with hearts that bleed

For those beyond the river?

Your homes are desolate? Ah, yes—

Life seems to lack all happiness,

And you whole being yearns and cries

For some one pair of smiling eyes

That now are closed forever.

Your hearts are bleeding, do you say?

Thank God that you can say it!

Thank Him that He has given you

Some one beloved who, brave and true,

Could give his all up willingly,

Who for his country's cause could die,

But never could betray it.

And you, whose dear ones still are left,

Thank God that He has given you

Those precious lives to you again—

Thank Him those noble hearts remain

To strike for Freedom and the Right—

To swell the ranks of those who fight

For all on this side Heaven.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIR," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER VII.

LADY VERNER.

The former chapters may be looked upon somewhat in the light of an introduction to what is to follow. It was necessary to relate the events recorded in them, but we must take a leap of not far short of two years from the date of their occurrence.

John Massingbird and his attendant, Luke Roy, had arrived safely at Melbourne in due course. Luke had written home one letter to his mother, and there his correspondence ended: but John Massingbird wrote frequently, both to Mrs. Verner and to his brother Frederick. John, according to his own account, appeared to be getting on all one way: the money he took out had served him well: he had made good use of it, and was accumulating a fortune rapidly. Such was his statement: but whether implicit reliance might be

placed upon it was a question. Gay John was apt to deceive himself; was given to look on the bright side, and imbue things with a tinge of *couleur de rose*; when, for less sanguine eyes, the tinge would have shone out decidedly yellow. His last account told of a "glorious nugget" he had picked up at the diggings. "Almost as big as his head;" a "fortune in itself" ran some of the phrases in his letters: and his intention was to go down himself to Melbourne and "realize the thousands" for it. His letter to Frederick was especially full of this; and he strongly recommended his brother to go out and pick up nuggets on his own score. Frederick Massingbird appeared very much inclined to take the hint:

"Were I only sure it was all gospel, I'd go to-morrow," observed Frederick Massingbird to Lionel Verner, one day that the discussion of the contents of John's letter had been renewed, a month or two subsequent to its arrival. "A year's luck, such as this, and a man might come home a millionaire. I wish I knew whether to put entire faith in it."

"Why should John deceive you?" asked Lionel.

"He'd not deceive me wilfully. He has no cause to deceive me. The question is, has he deceived himself? Remember what grand schemes he would now and then become wild upon here, saying and thinking he had found the philosopher's stone. And how would they turn out? This may be one of the same eddies. I wonder we did not hear again by the last month's mail."

"There's a mail due now."

"I know there is," said Frederick. "Should it bring news to confirm this, I shall go out to him."

"The worst is, those diggings appear to be all a lottery," remarked Lionel. "Where one gets his pockets lined, another starves; nay, ten—fifty—more for all we know, starve for the one lucky one. I should not myself feel inclined to risk the journey to them."

"You! It's not likely you would," was the reply of Frederick Massingbird. "Everybody was not born heir to Verner's Pride."

Lionel laughed pleasantly. They were pacing the terrace in the sunshine of a winter's afternoon: a crisp, cold, bright day in January. At that moment Tynn came out of the house and approached them.

"My master is up, sir, now, and would like to see me," said he, addressing Frederick Massingbird.

"Oh, bother, I can't stop now," broke from that gentleman, involuntarily. "Tynn, you need not say that you found me here. I have an appointment, and I must hasten to keep it."

Lionel Verner looked at his watch. "I can spare half an hour," he observed to himself: and he proceeded to Mr. Verner's room.

The old study that you have seen before. And there sat Mr. Verner in the same arm-chair, cushioned and padded more than it had used to be. What a change there was in him! Shrunken, wasted, drawn: surely there would be no place very long in this world for Mr. Verner.

He was leaning forward in his chair, his back bowed, his hands resting on his stick, which was stretched out before him. He lifted his head when Lionel entered, and an expression, partly of displeasure, partly of pain, passed over his countenance.

"Where's Frederick?" he sharply asked.

"Frederick has an appointment out, sir. I will read to you."

"I thought you were going down to your mother's," rejoined Mr. Verner, his accent not softening in the least.

"I need not go for this half hour yet," replied Lionel, taking up the "Times," which lay on a table near Mr. Verner. "Have you looked at the headings of the news, sir, or shall I go over them for you, and then you can tell me what you wish read."

"I don't want anything read by you," said Mr. Verner. "Put the paper down."

Lionel did not immediately obey. A shade of mortification had crossed his face.

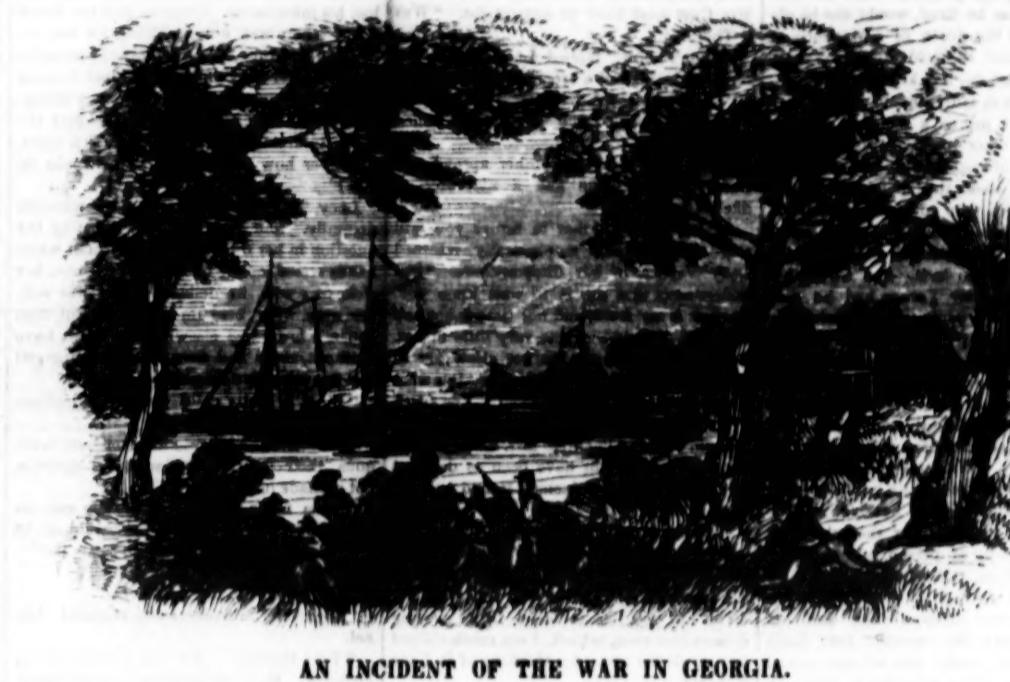
"Do you hear me, Lionel? Put the paper down. You know how it fidgets me to hear those papers ruffled, when I am not in a mood for reading."

Lionel rose, and stood before Mr. Verner. "Uncle, I wish you would let me do something for you. Better send me out of the house altogether, than treat me with this estrangement. Will it be of any use my asking you, for the hundredth time, what I did to displease you?"

"I tell you I don't want the paper read," said Mr. Verner. "And if you leave me alone I shall be glad. Perhaps I shall get a wisp of sleep. All night, all night, and my eyes were never closed! It's time I was gone."

The concluding sentences were spoken in soliloquy; not to Lionel. Lionel, who knew his uncle's every mood, quitted the room. As he closed the door, a heavy groan, born of displeasure mingled with pain, like the greeting look had been, was sent over the room.

Lionel passed into the high road from Verner's Pride, and, turning to the left, commenced his walk to Deerham. There were no road-side houses for a little way, but they soon began, by ones, by twos, and at last they



AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from a sketch in "Frank Leslie," represents the U. S. gunboat *Uncas*, covering the operations of a party of National soldiers, while removing a rebel saw mill on the St. Mary's river, Georgia.

It expresses his state of feeling with regard to Lionel; and Lionel felt it keenly.

Lionel Verner had remained in Paris six months, when summoned thither by the accident to his brother. The accident need not have detained him half that period of time; but the seductions of the gay French capital had charms for Lionel. From the very hour that he set foot in Verner's Pride on his return, he found that Mr. Verner's behaviour had altered to him. He showed bitter, angry estrangement, and Lionel could only conceive one cause for it—his long sojourn abroad. Fifteen or sixteen months had now elapsed since his return, and the estrangement had not lessened. In vain Lionel sought an explanation. Mr. Verner would not enter upon it. In fact, so far as direct words went, Mr. Verner had never expressed much of his displeasure: he left it to his manner. That said enough. He had never dropped the slightest allusion to its cause. When Lionel asked an explanation, he neither accorded nor denied it, but would put him off evasively, as he might have put off a child who asked a troublesome question: like you have now seen him do once again.

After the rebuff, Lionel was crossing the hall, when he suddenly halted, as if a thought struck him, and he turned back to the study. If ever a man's attitude bespoke utter grief and prostration, Mr. Verner's did, as Lionel opened the door. His head and hands had fallen, and his stick had dropped upon the carpet. He started out of his reverie at the appearance of Lionel, and made an effort to recover his stick. Lionel hastened to pick it up for him.

"I have been thinking, sir, that it might be well for Decima to go in the carriage to the station, to receive Miss Tempest. Shall I order it?"

"Order anything you like; order all Verner's Pride—what does it matter? Better for some of us, perhaps, that it had never existed."

Hastily, abruptly, carelessly was the answer given: there was no mistaking that Mr. Verner was nearly beside himself with mental pain.

Lionel went round to the stables to give the order he had suggested. One great feature in the character of Lionel Verner was, its complete absence of assumption. Courteously refused in mind and feelings, he could not have presumed: others, in his position, might have deemed them were but exercising a right. Though the presumptive heir to Verner's Pride, living in it, brought up as such, he would not, you see, even send out his master's unused carriage without his master's sanction. In little things as in great, Lionel Verner could be a thorough gentleman: to be otherwise he must have changed his nature.

"Wigham, will you take the close carriage to Deerham Court. It is wanted for Miss Verner."

"Very well, sir." But Wigham—who had been coachman in the family nearly as many years as Lionel had been in the world—wondered much, for all his prompt reply. He scarcely ever remembered a Verner's Pride carriage to have been ordered for Miss Verner.

John Massingbird and his attendant, Luke Roy, had arrived safely at Melbourne in due course. Luke had written home one letter to his mother, and there his correspondence ended: but John Massingbird wrote frequently, both to Mrs. Verner and to his brother Frederick. John, according to his own account, appeared to be getting on all one way: the money he took out had served him well: he had made good use of it, and was accumulating a fortune rapidly. Such was his statement: but whether implicit reliance might be

fitted up, and its two large windows looked towards the open country, and to Deerham Hall. Seated by the fire, in a rich violet dress, a costly white lace cap shading her delicate face, that must once have been so beautiful—indeed, that was beautiful still—was a lady of middle age. Her seat was low; one of those chairs that we are pleased to call, commonly and irreverently, a *prie-dieu*. Its back was carved in arabesque foliage, and its stuffing was of rich, violet velvet. On a small, inlaid table, whose carvings were as beautiful, and its top inlaid with mosaic-work, lay a dainty handkerchief of lace, a bottle of smelling-salts, and a book turned with its face downwards, all close at the lady's elbow. She was sitting in idleness just then; she always did sit in idleness; her face bent on the fire, her small hands, clasped in white gloves, lying motionless on her lap—ay, a beautiful face once, though it had grown habitual peevish and discontented now. She turned her head when the door opened, and a flush of bloom rose to her cheeks when she saw Lionel.

He went up and kissed her. He loved her much. She loved him, too, better than she loved anything in life; and she drew a chair close to her, and he sat down, bending towards her. There was not much likeness between them, the mother and the son; both were very good looking, but not alike.

"You see, mother mine, I am not late, as you prophesied I should be," said he, with one of his sweetest smiles.

"You would have been, Lionel, but for my reminding you not. I'm sure I wish—I wish she was not coming! She must remember the old days in India, and will contrast the difference."

"She will scarcely remember India, when you were there. She is only a child yet, is she not?"

"You know nothing about it, Lionel," was the querulous answer. "Whether she remembers or not, will she expect to see me in such a house, such a position as this? It is at these seasons, when people are coming here, that I know what I have been and ought to be, that I feel all the humiliation of my poverty. Lucy Tempest is nineteen."

Lionel Verner knew that it was of no use to argue with his mother, when she began upon that most unsatisfactory topic

"For Jan! Much good he will do!" returned Lady Verner, in so contemptuous a tone as to prove she had no very exalted opinion of Mr. "Jan's" abilities.

Lionel went out to the carriage, and stopped in. The footmen did not shut the door.

"And Miss Verner, sir?"

"Miss Verner is returning. The railway station. Tell Wigham to drive fast or I shall be late."

"My lady wouldn't let Miss Decima come out in it," thought Wigham to himself, as he drove on.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCY TEMPEST.

The words of my lady, "as tall as a giant," unconsciously influenced the imagination of Lionel Verner. The train was steaming into the station at one end, as his carriage stopped at the other. Lionel leaped from it, and mixed amidst the bustle of the platform.

Not very much bustle either. And it would have been less, but that Dearham Station was the nearest approach, as yet, by rail to Heartburg, a town of some note about four miles distant. Not a single tall lady got out of the train. Not a lady at all, that Lionel could see. There were two fat women, tearing about after their luggage, both habited in men's drab great coats, or what looked like them; and there was one very young lady, who stood back in apparent perplexity, gazing at the scene of confusion around her.

"She cannot be Miss Tempest," deliberated Lionel. "If she is, my mother must have mistaken her age: she looks but a child. No harm in asking her, at any rate."

He went up to the young lady. A very pleasant-looking girl, fair, with a peach bloom upon her cheeks, dark brown hair, and eyes soft and brown and luminous. Those eyes were wandering to all parts of the platform, some anxiety in their expression.

Lionel raised his hat.

"I beg your pardon. Have I the honor of addressing Miss Tempest?"

"Oh, yes, that is my name," she answered, looking up at him, the peach bloom deepening to a glow of satisfaction, and the soft eyes lighting with a glad smile. "Have you come to meet me?"

"I have. I come from my mother, Lady Verner."

"I am so glad," she rejoined, with a frank sincerity of manner perfectly refreshing in these modern days of artificial young ladies. "I was beginning to think nobody had come—and then what could I have done?"

"My sister would have come with me to receive you, but for an accident which occurred to her just before it was time to start. Have you any luggage?"

"There's the great box I brought from India, and a hair-trunk, and my school-box. It is all in the van."

"Allow me to take you out of this crowd, and it shall be seen to," said Lionel, bending to offer his arm.

She took it, and turned with him. But stopped ere more than a step or two had been taken.

"We are going wrong. The luggage is up that way."

"I am taking you to the carriage. The luggage will be all right."

He was placing her in it when she suddenly drew back, and surveyed it.

"What a pretty carriage!" she exclaimed.

Many said the same of the Verner Pride equipages. The color of the panels was of that rich shade of blue called ultra-marine, with white linings and hamper cloths, while a good deal of silver shone on the harness of the horses. The servants' livery was white and silver, their small-clothes blue.

Lionel handed her in.

"Have we far to go?" she asked.

"Not five minutes' drive."

He closed the door, gave the footman directions about the luggage, took his own seat by the coachman, and the carriage started. Lady Verner came to the door of the court to receive Miss Tempest.

In the old Indian days of Lady Verner, she and Sir Lionel had been close and intimate friends of Colonel and Mrs. Tempest. Subsequently Mrs. Tempest had died, and their only daughter had been sent to a clergyman's family in England for her education—very superior place where six pupils only were taken. But she was of age to leave it now, and Colonel Tempest, who contemplated soon being home, had craved of Lady Verner to receive her in the interim.

"Lionel," said his mother to him, "you must stop here for the rest of the day, and help to entertain her."

"Why, what can I do towards it?" responded Lionel.

"You can do something. You can talk. They have got Decima into her room, and I must be up and down with her. I don't like leaving Lucy alone the first day she is in the house—she will take a prejudice against it. One blessed thing, she seems quite simple, not exacting."

"Anything but exacting, I should say," replied Lionel. "I will stay for an hour or two, if you like, mother, but I must be home to dinner."

Lady Verner need not have troubled herself about "entertaining" Lucy Tempest. She was accustomed to entertain herself; and as to any ceremony or homage being paid to her, she would not have understood it, and might have felt embarrassed. She had not been used to anything of the sort. Could Lady Verner have seen her then, at the very moment she was talking to Lionel, her fears might have been relieved. Lucy Tempest had found her way to Decima's room, and had taken up her position in a very undignified fashion at that young lady's feet, her soft, candid brown eyes fixed upwards on Decima's face, and her tongue busy with its reminiscences of India. After some time spent in this manner, she was scared away by the entrance of a gentleman whom Decima called "Jan." Upon which she proceeded to the chamber she had been shown

to as hers, to dress, a process which did not appear to be very elaborate by the time it was over, and then she went down-stairs to find Lady Verner.

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off Lucy, with a faltering tongue, as if she had done wrong.

"Certainly you may."

"I should have stayed with Decima until now, talking about mamma, but a gentleman came in."

"A gentleman?" echoed Lady Verner.

"Yes. Some one tall and very thin. Decima called him Jan. After that I went to my room again. I could not find it at first," she added, with a pleasant little laugh. "I looked into two; but neither was mine, for I could not see the boxes. Then I changed my dress, and came down."

"I hope you had my maid to assist you," quickly remarked Lady Verner.

"Some one assisted me. When I had my dress on, ready to be fastened, I looked to see if I could find any one to do it, and I did. A servant was at the end of the corridor, by the window."

"But, my dear Miss Tempest, you should have rung," exclaimed Lady Verner, half petrified at the young lady's uniformed manners, and privately speculating upon the sins Mrs. Cust must have to answer for. "Was it Therese?"

"I don't know," replied Lucy. "She was rather old, and had a broom in her hand."

"Old Catharine, I declare! Sweeping and dusting as usual! She might have soiled your dress."

"She wiped her hands on her apron," said Lucy, simply. "She had a nice face. I liked it."

"I beg, my dear, that in future you will ring for Therese," emphatically returned Lady Verner, in her discomposure. "She understands that she is to wait upon you. Therese is my maid, and her time is not half occupied. Decima exacts very little of her. But take care that you do not allow her to lunge into English when with you. It is what she is apt to do, unless checked. You speak French, of course?" added Lady Verner, the thought crossing her that Mrs. Cust's educational training might have been as deficient on that point, as she deemed it had been on that of "style."

"I speak it quite well," replied Lucy; "as well, or nearly as well, as a French girl. But I do not require anybody to wait upon me," she continued. "There is never anything to do for me, but just to fasten these evening dresses that close behind. I am much obliged to you, to all the same, for thinking of it, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner turned from the subject; it seemed to grow more and more unprofitable. "I shall go and hear what Jan says, if he is there," she remarked to Lionel.

"I wonder we did not see or hear him come in," was Lionel's answer.

"As if Jan could come into the house like a gentleman!" returned Lady Verner, with intense acrimony. "The back way is a step or two nearer, and therefore he patronizes us."

"If you please, may I come in?"

Lady Verner could have sighed over the deficiency of "style," or confidence; which ever you may like to term it. Lionel laughed as he crossed the room to throw the door wider by way of welcome.

"Lucy Tempest appeared at the door. She stood there hesitating, after the manner of a timid school girl. They turned round and saw her.

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Lady Verner could have sighed over the deficiency of "style," or confidence; which ever you may like to term it. Lionel laughed as he crossed the room to throw the door wider by way of welcome.

"Lucy Tempest appeared at the door. She stood there hesitating, after the manner of a timid school girl. They turned round and saw her.

"If you please, may I come in?"</

GEN. POPE'S ORDERS.

Gen. Pope issued three general orders on the 15th inst., of the following purport:

The first orders the troops under his command to sublimate upon the country in which they find themselves, as far as possible. "In all cases supplies for this purpose will be taken by the officer to whose department they properly belong, under the orders of the commanding officer of the troops for whose use they are intended. Vouchers will be given to the owners, stating on their face that they will be payable at the conclusion of the war upon sufficient testimony being furnished that such owners have been loyal citizens of the United States since the date of the voucher."

The second order forbids the use of supply or baggage trains by the cavalry, and enjoins celerity in their movements.

The third order says that persons living along the line of operations will be held responsible for any interference with railroads, telegraphs, supplies, &c. It says:

If a soldier or legitimate follower of the army be fired upon from any house, the house shall be razed to the ground, and the inhabitants sent prisoners to the headquarters of this army. If such an outrage occurs at any place distant from settlements, the people within five miles around shall be held accountable, and made to pay an indemnity sufficient for the case. Any persons detected in such outrages, either during the act or any time afterwards, shall be shot w/o trial. Whenever a railroad, wagon road or telegraph line is injured by parties of guerrillas, the citizens living within five miles of the spot shall be turned out *masses* to repair the damage, and shall, besides, pay to the United States, in money or in property to be levied by military force, the full amount of the pay and subsistence of the whole force necessary to coerce the performance of the work during the time occupied in completing it.

While it is the wish of the general commanding this army that all peaceably disposed persons who remain at their homes and pursue their accustomed avocations shall be subjected to no improper burthen of war, yet their own safety must of necessity depend upon the strict preservation of peace and order among themselves, and they are to understand that nothing will deter him from enforcing promptly and to the full extent every provision of this order.

POSTAGE STAMPS FOR CURRENCY.—Congress before it adjourned, legalized postage stamps as a legal tender for all sums under five dollars. The Treasury Department will therefore print on thick paper, without gum, a large quantity of new postage stamps, to be used as currency. This will increase the resources of the Government materially, being a virtual loan to the national Treasury of several millions of dollars without interest, and remove much of the difficulty under which the community is now laboring. Postage stamps can be purchased by using United States Treasury notes. Congress has prohibited, under heavy penalties, the issue of bank-notes or other promises to pay under the denomination of one dollar.

"Other United States Stamps," which are also legalized by the Act, we presume are those created by the law authorizing the collection of an Income Tax, and which vary in denomination from one cent to five dollars. The Postage Stamps are of the several denominations of ONE, THREE, FIVE, TEN, TWELVE, TWENTY-FOUR, THIRTY, and NINETY cents. It is probable that the denominations which will be most in demand for change will be the **THREE, TEN, and THIRTY**. With a full supply of these, the change difficulty will be very effectually settled. The law is to go into operation on the 1st of August, so far as the receivability for small Government dues is concerned; virtually, and for purposes of currency, the law is in operation now, the demand on the Postmasters for Stamps being very great.

BELLE BOYD.—We see repeated allusions to a female bearing this appellation as a noted rebel spy. And yet we hear nothing either of her arrest, or of her being sent into the rebel lines, where she could do but little mischief. Do not our officers know that a female spy is often more dangerous than a male one?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RAVENSHOE. By HENRY KINGSLY, author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn." Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The announcement of a new novel by the author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," has created expectancy in those who have enjoyed the racy vigor and pleasant ease of that delightful story of Australian life and adventure. We find in "Ravenshoe" somewhat less of the artlessness and freshness that characterized the former work, but it enjoys the advantage of a more complicated and sustained plot, well carried out to the end.

The broad outline of the story,—the change made in infancy between the two foster-brothers, substituting the nurse's own child for the real heir,—is not a very novel one; but it is worked out in a fresh and original manner, and complicated by the addition of a minor plot which ends by restoring the hero to his fortunes and honors again. The crisis in which the discovery of the change of the foster-brothers is made is powerfully described; the despair with which Charles Ravenshoe feels the loss of name and rank and fortune, the severance of the ties between himself and those he has loved, "and above all the feeling of loss of identity, that he was not himself; that his whole existence from babyhood had been a lie." Yet through all this strong statement of the case it will occur to the American reader that this despair is, after all, disproportioned to the cause; that a man who possesses brains and hands in full vigor, has secured the advantages which education and culture can give him, and has kind friends ready to do all they can to *atone* for a misfortune which is not his fault, has no special need to rave at fate and consider his career in life disastrously closed because he finds that he has no hereditary rank; that is the son of a game-keeper, instead of belonging to a "good old family."

It is, indeed, almost impossible for one

wared under republican institutions to realize the mysterious importance which an Englishman attaches to noble descent, so called; which by no means insures real nobility of mind or heart, or even necessarily, the best style of culture. That wonderful thing called aristocracy of birth is a Fetish whose worship we are unable to comprehend. It is making to the author of "Ravenhoe" making his hero turn out to be of "good family" after all, so accounting for the fact of being so good a fellow, and so true a gentleman.

There is another point which strikes us curiously in this book; a point which we find made in nearly all the very modern literature of Young England. Whatever tangle the characters of a book are in, whatever social or political evils are discussed, the favorite remedy is to bring the Crimean war upon the stage, and to pack all the delinquent or suffering heroes of a soldiering. War seems to be, in the opinion of M. Charles and Henry Kingsley, Alfred Tennyson, and a host of smaller names, a glorious end, instead of a terrible means; or else their works are a clear confession of incompetency to devise any other means to help their country in and need. If the horrors of a warfare between two Christian nations begin, as that war did, in no question of absolute right, and ending in no certain good, are the cheap purchase of a temporary alleviation of the troubles which agitate and torture the English body politic, then is their case a truly hopeless one; and America, now agonizing with pangs which we believe to be the birth-throes of such a liberty and such a national life as the world has never seen yet, can pity her older sister, on whose life of to-day press so many past centuries, with a burden not to be lifted, we fear, but at the cost of such a terrible convulsion as we can, even yet, hardly imagine.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—ADDRESS OF GEN. POPE TO HIS SOLDIERS.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia:

By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed the command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition and your wants, in preparing you for active operations and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

These labors are nearly completed, and I am about to join you in the field.

Let us understand each other. I have come from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when he was found—whose policy has been attack and not defense. In but one case has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude.

I presume that I have been called here to pursue them, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving—that opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

In the meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them, of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us and not behind. Success and glory are in the rear.

Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

[Signed] JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

THE CONFISCATION AND MILITIA ACTS AND SLAVERY.

The recent Act says that "all slaves of persons who shall *hereafter* be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons, and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found or being within any place occupied by rebel forces, and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves," and that "the President of the United States is authorized to employ as many persons of African descent as he may deem necessary and proper for the suppression of this rebellion; and for this purpose he may organize and use them in such manner as he may judge best for the public welfare."

The Militia Bill gives authority to the President to employ slaves for constructing entrenchments, performing camp service, or any other labor, or any military or naval service, for which they may be competent; and that when any slave, who owes service to a rebel or to any one giving aid and comfort to the rebellion, shall have been employed or done service for the Union, his master, wife, and children shall forever thereafter be free, in case they ever service or labor to any person who has borne arms against the Union or adhered to or aided the rebels.

THE TOTAL LOSS AT THE RICHMOND BATTLES.

The following statement, which a Washington writer to the New York Times, which comes from an official source, may be relied upon as a perfectly correct enumeration of the Union losses during the six days' battles before Richmond:

Corps. Killed. Wounded. Missing. Total.

Franklin, 245 1,312 1,179 2,570

Sumner, 170 1,068 848 2,000

Knox, 69 507 301 777

Hilts, 189 1,051 833 2,073

Porter, 873 3,700 3,779 7,352

Cavalry, 19 60 97 176

Engineers, — 2 21 23

Totals, 1,505 7,701 5,958 15,224

Queen Victoria completed the twenty-fifth year of her reign as sovereign of Great Britain on the 20th of June. She is now in the prime of life, (being crowned at the early age of eighteen,) and has already reigned longer than most of her predecessors, but ten of whom wore the crown a quarter of a century, the longest reign being that of George III., who was king sixty years.

There is a man in Tolosa so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPEAL TO THE BORDER STATES.

The Representatives and Senators of the Border Slaveholding States having, by special invitation of the President, been convened at the Executive Mansion on Saturday morning last, Mr. Lincoln addressed them as follows from a written paper held in his hands:

GENTLEMEN:—After the adjournment of Congress, now near, I shall have no opportunity of seeing you for several months. Believing that you of the Border States hold more power for good than any other equal number of members, I feel it a duty which I cannot justifiably waive, to make this appeal to you.

I intend no reproach or complaint when I assure you that, in my opinion, if you all had voted for the resolution in the Grand Emancipation Message of last March, the war would now be substantially ended. And the plan therein proposed is yet one of the most potent and swift means of ending it.

Let the states which are in rebellion see definitely and certainly that no event will

the American heart and invigorate it with new hope. You will, as we solemnly believe, in due time *revere* power to your country.

The majority answer is signed by twenty names, as follows:—C. A. Wickliffe, Chairman; R. Wilson, John S. Carlile, J. S. Jackson, John S. Phelps, Charles H. Calvert, Edwin H. Webster, Aaron Hardin, Garrett Davis, Thos. L. Price, Wm. A. Hall, J. J. Crittenden, J. W. Crittenden, H. Gridley, Francis Thomas, C. L. L. Leary, R. Mallory, James S. Rollins, J. W. Menzies, G. W. Dunlap.

The tone of the minority answer may also be inferred from the following passage:—

"We are not disposed to seek for the cause of present misfortunes in the errors and wrongs of others who now propose to unite with us in a common purpose. But, on the other hand, meet your address in the spirit in which it was made, and, as loyal Americans, declare to you and to the world that there is no sacrifice that we are not ready to make to save the Government and institutions of our fathers. That we, few as we though there may be, will permit no men, from the North or from the South, to go farther than we in the accomplishment of the great work before us. That, in order to carry out these views, we will, so far as may be in our power, ask the people of the Border states, calmly, deliberately, and fairly to consider your recommendation. We are the most embarrassed to assume this position from the fact, now become history, that the leaders of the Southern rebellion have offered to abolish slavery amongst them as a condition to foreign intervention in favor of their independence as a nation.

"If they can give up slavery to *destroy* the Union, we can surely ask our people to consider the question of emancipation to some

The minority answer is signed by seven names, as follows:—John W. Noel, George P. Fisher, Wm. G. Brown, W. F. Willey, Samuel S. Casey, A. J. Clements, Jacob H. B. Horace Maynard makes a separate answer, also acquiescing in the wish of the President.

NEWS ITEMS.

UNEASY.—The Huntsville (Ala.) *Revolver* says that the rumor that the Kentucky and Tennessee regiments in the Confederate army have to be constantly guarded to prevent them from deserting in a body, is daily corroborated by prisoners and deserters.

The rebel artillery at the battle of White Oak Swamp fired gun pipes from field pieces, charged with gunpowder. This pipe was taken from the street mains of Richmond, they having no shell.

THE JERSEY BLUES.—Rev. R. B. Yard, chaplain of the N. J. 1st regiment, writes that he had seen the official report of General Hooker of the battle of Fair Oaks, and says: "When this is published you will learn facts which will gladden the heart of every Jerseymen." The excited mention made of the conduct of the 5th and 6th regiments, N. J. V., is gratifying indeed. According to this these two regiments turned the tide of battle, on Sunday, by a bayonet charge—usually ascribed to the *Excelsior* Brigade—which Gen. Hooker pronounces the grandest fighting he ever heard of."

According to present reports, it does not appear that the Russian grain harvest will be large this year. In the South, the crops have been burned up, and in the North they have had cold and wet. The cold at the date of the last letter was described as unprecedented at this season.

BACHELOR'S PARADISE.—A gentleman who writes to a contemporary, complaining of the suffering he endured at the Exhibition through excess of crinoline, makes a suggestion. "I trust," he says, "Her Majesty's commissioners may be induced to set apart a one shilling day, when gentlemen only can be admitted; and you may depend upon it, that thousands would embrace this glorious opportunity of visiting the Exhibition without being cumbered, crowded, confined, in a world of obnoxious hoops and stiff crinolines."—*English Paper*.

I do not speak of emancipation at once, but of a *decision* at once to emancipate gradually. Room in South America for colonization can be obtained cheaply, and in abundance, and when numbers shall be large enough to be company and encouragement for one another, the freed people will not be so reluctant to go.

I am pressed with a difficulty not yet mentioned—one which threatens division among those who, united, are none too strong. An instance of it is known to you. Gen. Hunter is an honest man. He was, and I still hope is, my friend. I valued him none the less for his agreeing with me in the general wish that all men everywhere could be freed. He proclaimed all men free within certain states, and I repudiated the proclamation.

He expected more good and less harm from the measure than I could believe would follow. Yet, in repudiating it, I gave dissatisfaction, if not offence, to many whose support the country cannot afford to lose. And this is not the end of it. The pressure in this direction is still upon me and is increasing. By conceding what I now ask you can relieve me, and, much more, can relieve the country in this important point.

Upon these considerations I have again begged your attention to the message of March last. Before leaving the capital, consider and discuss it among yourselves. You are patriots and statesmen, and as such I pray you consider this proposition; and, at the least, commend it to the consideration of your states and people.

As you would perpetuate popular government for the best people in the world, I beseech you that you do in no wise omit this. Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest views and boldest action to bring a speedy relief.

Once relieved, its form of government is safe.

It is estimated that there are now on full-fight fifty thousand enlisted men, most of whom are in a condition to rejoin their regiments. Large numbers of these are officers, and their absence is a great disadvantage to their regiments. For shame, gentlemen!

The Richmond *Dispatch* has a telegram from Mobile saying that there is no truth in the reported capture by the rebels of Baton Rouge.

GEN. McCLELLAN has been reinforced by the division of Gen. Stevens, from South Carolina. It is said to consist in part of the Seventy-ninth New York, Fifteenth Pennsylvania, Eighth Michigan, Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, Seventy Connecticut, and of two batteries of artillery. All the sick and disabled men of the command were left behind.

IMPETUOUS MOVEMENT.—Intelligence from the War Department announces that a portion of Gen. Pope's army has advanced to Gordonsville and destroyed the railroad connections there, which cut off the rebels at Richmond from all railroad communication by way of the Virginia Central, or the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. This will cripple Jackson in any future attempt to molest the Valley of the Shenandoah.

SPRINGFIELD, Illinois.—July 18.—The prospects for the formation of the new regiments are most flattering. Already a hundred companies have been offered.

THE CONTRABANDS.—Gen. Saxton reports to the War Department, under date of Beaumont, S. C., July 10th: "The negroes are working industriously. We have some 15,000 acres of corn and cotton under cultivation, and it looks well. The system of voluntary labor works admirably. The people are contented and happy. When the new crop is harvested they will cease to be a burden upon the government. By adopting a judicious system of reward for labor, almost any amount can be obtained. Its proceeds will pay the expense."

REBEL CRUELTY.—The Charleston (S. C.) *Courier* says:—"An order had been extended for every family to leave Galveston, Texas, it having been determined, as in the case of Vicksburg, to defend it to the last. This order has been complied with, except by some seven families. The parties being suspected, their houses were searched, when the stars and stripes were discovered, intended to be hung out should the Federals take the city. All those guilty of this treason were taken out immediately and hung."

REBEL CRUELTY.—A soldier writing about the food, says:—"We get a substance for soup called pressed vegetables. It looks a good deal like a big plug of tobacco in shape and solidity, composed in part of potatoes, onions, beans, garlic, parsley, parsnips, carrots, &c. I acknowledge eating two large tin plates full, and I can now speak the German language with fluency."

QUEEN VICTORIA.—There is a man in Tolosa so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

With a view to such a statement of their position, the members thus addressed met in council to deliberate on the reply they should make to the President, and as the result of a comparison of opinions among themselves, they determined upon the adoption of a majority and a minority answer.—*National Intelligencer*.

The purpose of the first, the majority answer, the following passage will sufficiently indicate:

"Confine yourself to your constitutional authority; confine your subordinates within the same limits; conduct this war solely for the purpose of restoring the Constitution to its legitimate authority; concede to each state and its loyal citizens their just rights; and we are wedded to you by indiss

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever was before!

Nearer my Father's house,—
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea!

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
In the dark and shadowy stream
That bursts at last into light!

Father, perfect my love;
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

TETE A TETE WITH A LION.

In the year 18—, I set out from King William's Town, in British Cafraria, in company with a brother-officer, on a shooting expedition in quest of "big game"—a name given at the Cape to elephants, elands, giraffes, hartebeests, and larger species of antelopes. The excursion had been long planned and looked forward to; and at last the leave of absence "on urgent private affairs" being granted, one fine spring morning we set out. The party consisted of C—— and myself, who travelled on horseback; our English servant, who had charge of our two led horses; and two Hottentots, one of whom drove the wagon, and the other acted as conductor to the leading pair out of the fourteen oxen by which it was drawn. In the wagon were stowed away some cooking utensils of the roughest description, a bolt-tent, some biscuit and flour for ourselves, and a small supply of oats for the horses to be reserved for a *bona bouche* after extra hard work. Our party was completed by six pointers, destined to assist in the capture of the smaller game. For the more solid parts of our daily meals we trusted to our guns, which kept us pretty well supplied; and at evening we always looked out for some spot well supplied with wood and water, where we could encamp for the night. Perhaps those evening halts were the pleasantest hours in the whole expedition, when the wagon was *outspanned*, as the Cape phrase goes, the fire lighted, the game cooked and eaten, and our party drew round the fire of acacia wood, to discuss the day's adventures over a cup of coffee and a pipe of *esandisa*. Sometimes, when our way lay through inhabited districts, our impromptu soiree was attended by Bushmen, Hottentots, or friendly Cafras, who had accompanied us during the day, pointing out the likeliest places for game, or "spoor" an eland or a hartebeest, over ground where no European eye could discover the slightest trace of the footprints of any living creature. They were most useful to us, and thought themselves amply recompensed by a share in our supper, and a place by our fire. They often proved most entertaining companions; and as C—— spoke a little Cafras, and several of them spoke broken Dutch, we were able to make out their stories. Told as they were in those strange lonely places, by the wood-fire, which cast its weird shadows on the tawny face of the narrator, with the darkness all round us, and the strange noises breaking now and then on that vast silence and solitude, every tale of peril and adventure, of doing and daring, sounded terribly real; far more so than I can make them appear, when read in an English drawing room so many thousand miles from the great wilds to which they belong.

Nevertheless, one of these stories made such an impression on me, that I am tempted to record it here, hoping to convey to others some faint degree of the breathless interest with which it was listened to by C—— and myself, as it was narrated by one of these chance acquaintances, a wily little Hottentot, who sat crouching over the fire, helping out his story by graceful gesticulation, which increased in energy as our absorbed attention fattened and pleased him.

Some years back, he told us, when he was a mere lad, he was in the service of a Dutch farmer in the Orange River Territory, a part of the country much infested by lions. It was his duty to drive his master's cattle to pasture every morning, and to bring them back to the farm at night, an employment which left a good many idle hours on his hands; and what boy, Hottentot or European, could, under such circumstances, have resisted an occasional ramble after the decoying honey-bird, or in search of ostrich eggs, or of some of the other numerous treasures so congenial to boy-nature, with which those regions abounded. The cattle who, during their keeper's absence, were, of course, left to their own devices, generally proved quite capable of taking care of themselves; but on one occasion, when the Hottentot counted them over before driving them home, he perceived that a fine milch cow was missing, having doubtless availed herself of one of his truant absences to wander away from the rest. To search for her then was impossible, and he could only trust to the carelessness of the upper servants, who often neglected to count over the animals as they entered the kraal. In this hope he was not deceived: the loss passed unnoticed; and he resolved that it should be replaced, if possible, before he had again to risk the chance of discovery. Annoyed by the remembrance of former punishments, he set out alone, and without telling any one, in quest of the missing cow. He took with him a little dried meat, and a gourd

containing water, and started at a pace which few of his countrymen could have equalled, fleet of foot as they are; the immediate dread of the "samboch," or whip of rhinoceros hide, quite putting the more remote dangers of his lonely journey out of his head. An hour or two of daylight still remained, and he had no difficulty in finding the "spoor" of the lost animal, which the unerring intelligence of his race enabled him to distinguish from that of any other of the herd; and he followed it steadily, until the falling light made it indistinguishable from the footmarks of the wildbeest or gnu which crossed and recrossed it perpetually. It became necessary to halt, and give up the pursuit for that night, and he did so, though feeling thoroughly disheartened at the non-appearance of the cow, for whose safety he now felt the most serious uneasiness. His own also became a matter of anxiety, as night closed in, with the sudden darkness of a tropical climate, and found him alone in that desolate country, far from all human help, and without any means of defence. He was not long in resolving what to do: he was determined, at all hazards, to find his lost charge, and would almost have preferred dying where he was to returning without her; besides which, it would have been madness to attempt to retrace his steps in the dark; so, after marking with his stick the spot on which he had left the "spoor," he looked about for some tree in which he could pass the night. He soon selected an acacia tree, which grew close by, and lost no time in climbing up and settling himself in a fork of the branches. He ate and drank sparingly, keeping a supply for the necessities of the morrow, and then completing his preparations by lashing himself to the main branch with his waist-belt, he drew his sheepskin blanket over his head, and composed himself to sleep. It was a still night; the silence only broken at intervals by the shrill notes of the screech-owl, the howl of the jackal, or the dreary laugh of the hyena—sounds to which our friend was too well accustomed to be kept awake by them.

How long he slept, he did not know, but he was awakened by a noise far different from any of those which had been mixing with his dreams—a noise which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Full, deep, and ominously near rose the dreadful sound, waking all the echoes for miles around, yet seeming to come from under his very feet—the terrible roar of a hungry lion.

Loud as it was, it failed to rouse the tired boy into full consciousness, though it made him start till he strained the belt which fastened him to the tree. Scared and bewildered, and still only half awake, he fancied for a moment that he was actually falling into the jaws of a lion; then asked himself, was the terrible sound a dream, conjured up by his unwanted sleeping place? A second roar thoroughly awakened him, and looking down, he saw in the moonlight a large, black-maned lion seated at the foot of the tree, his eyes fixed on himself, and his body motionless, save for an occasional angry lash of his tail.

It was a dreadful moment; and the hours which followed were more dreadful still. All through that terrible night the savage beast sat watching his intended victim, and the terrified boy sat motionless also, afraid to stir, and almost to breathe, lest he should exacerbate the lion. Once his cramped attitude became unbearable; come what might, he felt that he must stretch his stiffened limbs for a moment; and, as noiselessly as possible, he shifted his position; but he paid dearly for the momentary relief, for at his first cautious movement, the lion rose with a roar, and sprang at the tree, high enough to make the Hottentot's blood run cold, though not high enough to reach him. As he threw himself back, and coiled his limbs into a still more cramped position, he could hear the deadly claws scraping down the tree, with a sound which might well make his heart die within him. Again the disappointed animal took up his post at the foot of the tree; and now the moon began to wane, and again the sudden darkness came down on the face of the earth, and brought a little respite to the prisoner in the acacia tree. Under its friendly shelter, he could at least stretch his stiff legs, and in spite of the horror of his situation, he dozed from time to time, always waking with a start to the same bewildered wonder, as to whether all this was a reality or a dream. He was finally wakened by the raw, cold air which precedes the dawn, and by the rushing by of a herd of antelopes, dicing before the face of the common enemy. It may be imagined in what breathless suspense he watched for the day which would probably decide his fate, how eagerly he listened for some sound which might show him whether or not the lion had abandoned his post. Once the cry of a springbok fawn, calling its mother, gave him hope; if the lion was still there, would not the creature's instinct warn it to flee? All too soon, however, the light grew stronger, and, by degrees, showed him the grim form at the foot of the tree—first in outline only, then the gleaming white teeth became visible, the cruel eyes still glaring up at him, the black mane, the savage face. Through all that long night the lion had not stirred.

More wretched hours, and then the sun rose hot and scorching, darting its unsparring rays on the poor Hottentot, till his hair throbbed painfully. The lion, too, was evidently distressed; his tongue was lolling out of his mouth, his tail lashed his flanks unceasingly. At last, towards noon, heat and thirst seemed to overcome him, and, with a throbbing heart, the lad saw him moving slowly off. But he was mistaken if he supposed that the tireless animal would abandon his prey so easily; he stalked away a few paces, and then stopped, looking back with a low growl, a precaution which he repeated every minute or two, until he reached a pool of water, about two hundred yards from the tree, when he quenched his thirst, and hurried back to his post. All hope seemed gone now; and, almost in despair, the Hottentot

now day faded into evening, and evening into night.

It is useless to describe that second night; it was worse than the first, inasmuch as the terrible and seemed more certain, and mind and body were alike worn out with terror and utter weariness; but, on the other hand, he was somewhat reassured by the failure of the lion's repeated attempts to reach him with a spring; and when daylight returned he ventured, after refreshing himself with a little food and water, to climb higher up to a post whence he could look in the direction of his master's farm. His last hope now was that the farmer or some of his fellow servants might discover his absence, and come in search of him; and long and weary did he strain his eyes in that direction. The rage of the lion, when he saw his prisoner move, was fearful to witness: he tore up the ground, bit the tree, and furrowed it with his claws; but the Hottentot felt more secure in his position than he had done at first, and, besides, the very despair of his situation gave him courage. Through all the hot hours of that long day he remained on the look out, often fancying that the indistinct forms of the hartebeests or gnus were those of his master, or some of his stalwart sons, with their long rifles, coming to the rescue.

But every hope ended in disappointment; and at last, late in the afternoon, he gave it up in utter despair, and prepared, with a sinking heart, to return to his former place, the only one in which he could fasten himself securely. As he began his cautious descent, his eyes were caught by four dark objects in the distance coming towards him. His strained and dizzy eyes could hardly distinguish them, but surely, surely, they were advancing; did his longing hope deceive him again, or was their line too even, their advance too regular, for that of a troop of wild animals? This time he was not mistaken; they came on slowly, but surely, and presently he could distinguish their forms, could see that they were four men on horseback. A slight rising ground hid the lion from any one in that direction until within twenty yards of him. In all the tumult of his sudden relief the Hottentot could perceive that; and taking off his sheep-skin, he waved it over his head, shouting with all his strength, "A lion! a lion!" long before his voice could reach his deliverers. They, meanwhile, came steadily on; and now he could recognize them, the old farmer himself heading the party, two of his tall sons, rifle in hand—a welcome sight—and a Hottentot servant carrying a flint musket. The lion was raging furiously, maddened by the cries and gestures of his prisoner, who only thought of warning the advancing party of their danger, before they came on the animal unaware.

Suddenly the Hottentot, who had descended, and was following the "spoor" on foot, stopped and looked up. Either the boy's cries had reached his ear, or his quick eye had caught sight of his figure, for he pointed towards the tree, and then, in an instant, he was on his horse, and the whole party advanced at a brisk gallop. This was a moment of great suspense to the poor worn-out Hottentot, who could hardly find voice to send out his warning cry: "A lion! a lion!" He saw the advancing party gallop on till, on gaining the rising ground, they suddenly halted—they had seen the lion.

The magnificent beast became aware of their presence at the same moment, and, with leisurely pace, advanced to meet them; then stood still, moving his tail slowly from side to side, and uttering a suppressed growl. His rage was a splendid sight; but it may be believed that his adversaries did not lose much time in contemplating it. They had hastily dismounted, and tied their horses together, with their heads turned away from the lion, lest terror should render them unmanageable, and now they advanced on foot. The old Boer, who had shot many a lion in his day, headed the party, close behind followed his eldest son, and the remaining two brought up the rear; all moving firmly and cautiously, and each with a finger on his trigger. The lion moved a step or two to meet them, then suddenly crouched, with his head resting on his fore-paws, and remained so still, when his enemies had approached to within twenty paces of him, he began slowly and noiselessly to rise to his feet. As slowly, as noiselessly, did the old farmer drop on his knee, the others following his example: at the same moment all four raised their guns to their shoulders, and as the lion was in the act of springing, the sharp crack of the three rifles and the dead report of the flint musket were heard at once. There was a terrible roar of pain and baffled rage, and the noble animal bounded forward in his agony, and fell at the feet of the farmer and his son. How the Hottentot got down from the tree he never knew; he remembered nothing afterwards until he stood by the dying lion and saw him receive his *coup de grace* by a ball through the head. The lion moved a step or two to meet them, then suddenly crouched, with his head resting on his fore-paws, and remained so still, when his enemies had approached to within twenty paces of him, he began slowly and noiselessly to rise to his feet. As slowly, as noiselessly, did the old farmer drop on his knee, the others following his example: at the same moment all four raised their guns to their shoulders, and as the lion was in the act of springing, the sharp crack of the three rifles and the dead report of the flint musket were heard at once. There was a terrible roar of pain and baffled rage, and the noble animal bounded forward in his agony, and fell at the feet of the farmer and his son. How the Hottentot got down from the tree he never knew; he remembered nothing afterwards until he stood by the dying lion and saw him receive his *coup de grace* by a ball through the head.

"But yet this man has his romance, his high poetic feeling, and, above all, his manly dignity. Visit him, and you will find him without coat or waistcoat, unshorn, in ragged blue trousers and old flannel shirt, often bearing on his lantern jaws the signs of auge and sickness; but he will stand upright before you and speak to you with all the ease of a lettered gentleman in his own library. All the odious incivility of the republican servant has been banished. He is his own master, standing on his own threshold, and finds no need to assert his equality by rudeness. He is delighted to see you, and bids you sit down on his battered bench without dreaming of any such apology as an English cotter offers to a Lady Bountiful when she calls.

"He has won over his independence, and shows it in every easy movement of his body.

"He tells you of it unconsciously in every tone of his voice. You will always find in his cabin some newspaper, some book, some token of advance in education. When he questions you about the old country he astonishes you by the extent of his knowledge. I defy you not to feel that he is superior to the race from whence he has sprung in England or in Ireland. To me I confess that the manliness of such a man is very charming. He is dirty and perhaps squallid. His children are sick and he is without comforts. His wife is pale, and you think you see shortness of life written in the faces of all the family. But over and above it all there is an independence which sits gracefully on their shoulders, and teaches you at the first glance that the man has a right to assume himself to be your equal."

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

"I must confess, that in going from the States into Canada, an Englishman is struck by the feeling that he is going from a richer country into one that is poorer, from a greater country into one that is less. I could not enter Canada without seeing and hearing, and feeling that there was less of enterprise around me there than in the States—less of general movements, and of commercial success. When I have said so, I have heard no Canadian absolutely deny it; though in refraining from denying it, they have usually expressed a general conviction that, in settling himself for life, it is better for a man to set up his staff in Canada than in the States. 'I do not know that we are richer,' a Canadian says, 'but on the whole we are doing better and are happier.' Now I regard the golden rules against the love of gold, the *arum impervium et se mali situm*, and the rest of it as very excellent when applied to individuals. Such teaching has not much effect, perhaps, in inducing men to abstain from wealth—but such effect as it may have will be good. Men and

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is the son of the somewhat famous lady who thirty or forty years ago set up a bazaar in Cincinnati, lost her money and her temper, and wrote a spiteful book against the United States. He himself is one of the cleverest novelists of the day, and has now written a book of travel in America. Being himself a prosperous man, he naturally thinks that an Englishman like himself occupies the most desirable position in the world. But he acknowledges, over and over again, that a nine-tenths of his countrymen "would have a better life as Americans than they possibly can have as Englishmen." Here are a few passages, taken almost at random from quite different parts of the work:

AMERICANS AND ENGLISHMEN.

"The one thing in which, as far as my judgment goes, the people of the United States have excelled us Englishmen, so as to justify them in taking to themselves praise which we cannot take to ourselves or refuse to them, is the matter of education. * * * One would, of course, be disposed to say that the superior condition of the workers must have been occasioned by superior wages; and this, to a certain extent, has been the cause. But the higher payments is not the chief cause. Women's wages, including all that they receive at the Lowell factories, average about fourteen shillings a week, which is, I take it, fully a third more than women can earn in Manchester, or did earn before the loss of the American cotton began to tell upon them. But if wages in Manchester were raised to the Lowell standard, the Manchester women would not be clothed, fed, cared for, and educated like the Lowell woman."

Mr. Trollope enters at length into the

general question of the war of secession; how it arose, how it might have been avoided. He is very severe on Mr. Buchanan, whom he brands as a deliberate traitor; thinks the British Government has acted throughout in perfect good faith; and is confident that the result of the war will be separation of the Union, by which the North will largely profit. It will get rid of a burdensome and unprofitable partner, and will go on developing its industry and material power. Secession, he thinks, will be accomplished, by the Gulf states at last, "much to their misfortune: and then they will find themselves in the condition of a low and debased nation, or worse still, of many low and debased nations." They will have lost their cotton monopoly by the competition created during the period of the war, and will have no material of greatness on which to found themselves or to flourish.

"If a man can forget his own miseries in his journeys, and think of the people he comes to see rather than himself, I think he will find himself driven to admit that education has made life for the million in the Northern States better than life for the million is with us.

"I do not know any contrast that would be more surprising to an Englishman, up to that moment ignorant of the matter, than that which he would find by visiting first of all a free school in London, and then a free school in New York. * * * The female pupil at a free school in London is, as a rule, either a ragged pauper or a charity girl, and is naturally sensitive to the application of water and diamond and jewel-headed pins; while nothing can be more slovenly than their hair, the very great ladies who had lived at the capital alone possessing combs. As to the paint, which they apply immoderately, both in variety of color and in quantity, its distribution can only be regulated by mutual consultation; and as all the women living under one roof are so many rivals, they willingly encourage the most grotesque illustrations of their respective countenances. That which is unendurable, and at the same time deplorable, is the effect of this taste for painting combined with the indolence and uncleanliness common to oriental females."

"There is not one, daubed as they are with orange color even to hands and feet, who does not dread the application of water as an injury to beauty. The crowd of children and servants, especially negroes, who people the harem, and the footing of equality upon which mistresses and domestics live, are likewise aggravating causes of the general filth. To this must be added the fact that the windows are generally stopped with oiled paper, and that when that is not to be found they discard windows altogether. What is utterly lacking in these apartments is air. The ladies are naturally sensitive to cold; and without the resource of creating heat by exercise, they remain squat on the ground before the fire for hours, wholly ignorant that the fumes of the coal they use sometimes suffocates them. Only to recall these artificial caverns, encumbered with tattered curtains, and ill-ventilated children, almost deprives one of breath."

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

"Never complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if you had a different lot and sphere assigned to you. God understands His own plan, and He knows what you want a great deal better than you do.

"The Southern Confederation of States will stand something higher in the world than Mexico and the republics of Central America. Her cotton monopoly will have vanished, and her wealth have been wasted."

HONEYSUCKLES.

Oh! honeysuckles, dainty sweet,
My heart is filled with love of you,
With never dying love of you!

You mind me of that afternoon,

In rosy, sunny, dreamy June,

Where all the air was faint with you,

When ev'ry breeze was full of you.

We sat beneath the leafy shade

The heavy twisted grapevine made,

And here and there amid its green

You graceful hung, and graceful swung,

Your blossoms fit to deck a queen.

But one bright sun-ray ventured in,

And lay upon the cold, stone floor,

Looking as though a hand of gold

Had slipped off from a beauteous arm,

And still with love and beauty warm,

Died old time to make it cold.

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WAITING.

Long lines of white divide my raven hair,
The first approach of gradual decay:
These glossy curls with which he loved to play
In that far time when I was young and fair.

And am I not still fair? They tell me so.
What though the color from my cheek took
Sight?

Upon that awful, well-remembered night,
When first I heard that he I loved lay low!

Oh, God! the sense of wild desolation,
Of utter desolation everywhere!

Two morning are my lips were fit for prayer,
Mother, are I fit my sorrow Heaven-send.

But peace has come. My heart is almost light,
And many think that time has cured the
wound;

Like him, who with his eyes upon the ground,
And halting accents, woed me yesternight.

Oh! 'twas not thus that thou wert wont to woo,
With feeble platiades and 'wildered sense;

But with a noble flood of eloquence,
And honest eyes that looked me through and
through.

He thought I had forgot thee. Oh, my love!
What knew he of the dew that drops unseen,
And keeps thy tender memory fresh and green,
Until that day when we shall meet above?

What knew he of the vows that make my life
A long, and secret, ne'er to be revealed—
A fast-closed casket with thy signet sealed—
A widowhood, ore yet I am a wife?

Each day I live again our last adieu,
The long-drawn sighs, the kisses, and the tears,
The hopes—the giant hopes—the little fears,
Of that last evening underneath the yew.

Oh! when, at last, thou ask'dst beneath thy
breath

If I would wait a maiden for thy sake;
And, conscious of the answer I must make,
Smiled, ere I whispered, "Ever, love, till death!"

Did not I shun with a sudden fright,
That it might be as even it has been?

Did not I clasp thy neck my arms between
Lest some rude power should wrench thee from
my sight?

So I have waited, and I still will wait
(For Hope is infinite and Mercy wide)

Till kindly Death restores to thee thy bride,
And my lone heart no more be desolate.

And yet I would not wish my watch to end;
I have the cheerful faces of the poor,
That seem to brighten as pass their door;
I have thy brother's orphan babe to tend.

Dear child! last evening at the old, old place,
I saw him watch me as I strayed behind,
And as I kissed the letters in the rind,
I felt a blush rise hot into my face.

He calls me mother, too; and I have seen
At times so strange a likeness, love, to thee,
That I have drawn him closer unto me,
And wept to think of that which might have
been.

Wait then, oh, heart!—again the morning sun
Slow through the vanquished mists his path—
way wins!

Again, once more, my round of life begins,
Thank God that I can say, "They will be done."

THE CHANNINGS.

(C O N C L U D E D .)

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST

LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIRE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LIX.

READY.

The glorious surprise of Charley's safety greeted Hamish on his return home to dinner. In fact, he was just in time, having come some what before one o'clock, to witness Charley's arrival from the college school-room, escorted by the whole tribe, from the first to the last. Even Gerald Yorke made one, as did Mr. William Simms. Gerald, the smart over, deemed it best to put a light, careless, never-care face upon his punishment, disgraceful though it was considered to be for a senior. To give Gerald his due, his own share in the day's exploits faded into insignificance, compared with the shock of mortification which shook him when he heard the avowal of his mother regarding Roland. He and Tod had been the most eager of all the school to cast the guilt of Arthur in Tom Channing's cheek; they had proclaimed it as particularly objectionable to their feelings that the robbery should have taken place in an office where their brother was a pupil; and now they found that Tom's brother had been entirely innocent, and that other brother of theirs guilty! It was well that Gerald's brow should burn. "But she'd no cause to come here and blurt it out to the lot, right in one's face!" soliloquized Gerald, judging to Lady Augusta. "They'd have heard it soon enough, without that."

Mr. William Simms also attended Charles. Mr. William was hoping that the return of Charley would put him upon a better footing with the school. He need not have hoped it: his offence had been one that the college boys never forgave. Whether Charley returned dead or alive, or had never returned at all, Simms would always remain a sneak in their estimation. "Sneak Simms," he had been called since the occurrence: and he had come to the resolve, in his own mind, of writing word home to his friends that the studies in Holstoneleigh college school were too hard for him, and asking to be removed to a private one. I think he would have to do it still.

Hamish lifted Charley to him, with an eager, fond movement. The sight of him took a weight from his mind. Although really irresponsible for the disappearance of Charles, he had always felt that his father and mother might inwardly attach some blame to him—might deem him to have been wanting in care. Now, all was sunshine. Dinner over, Mr. Channing walked with Hamish to the office. They were some time getting there. Every other person they met

stepped Mr. Channing to congratulate him. It seemed that the congratulations were never to end. It was not only the renewed health of Mr. Channing that people had to speak of. Holstoneleigh, from one end to the other, was ringing with the news of Arthur's innocence; and Charley's return was getting wind.

They reached Guild Street at last. Mr. Channing entered and shook hands with his clerk, and then took his own place in his private room.

"Where are we to put you now, Hamish?" he said, looking at his son with a smile.

"There's no room for you. You will not like taking your place with the clerks again."

"Perhaps I had better follow Roland

Yorke's plan, and emigrate," replied Hamish, demurely.

"I wish Mr. Huntley—. By the way, Hamish, it would only be a mark of courtesy if you stepped as far as Mr. Huntley's, and told him of Charles's return," broke Mr. Channing; the idea recurring to him with Mr. Huntley's name. "None haveevinced more sympathy than he, and he will be rejoiced to hear that the child is safe."

"I'll go at once," said Hamish.

"Private industry? Have you turned shoemaker?"

"Not shoemaker," laughed Hamish. "Book-maker. The truth is, Mr. Huntley—but will you promise to keep my secret?"

"Ay. Honor bright."

"I don't want it to be known just yet. The truth is, I have been doing some literary work. Martin Pope got me an introduction to one of the London editors, and I furnished some papers. They were approved of and inserted; but for the first I got no pay. I threatened to strike, and then payment was promised. The first instalment which came I chiefly used to stop my debts; the second and third to liquidate them. That's where the money came from."

Mr. Huntley stared at Hamish as if he could scarcely take in the news. It was, however, only the simple truth. When Martin Pope paid a visit to Hamish, one summer night—frightening Hamish, frightening Arthur, who dreaded it might be a less innocent visitor—frightening Constance, for the matter of that, for she heard more of their dread than was expedient—his errand was to tell Hamish that he was to be paid for his papers in future; that payment was to commence forthwith. You may remember the evening, though it is long ago. You may also remember Martin Pope's coming hurriedly into the office in Guild Street, telling Hamish somebody was starting by the train; when both hastened to the station, leaving Arthur in wonder. That was the very London editor himself. He had been on a country tour, and was taking Holstoneleigh on his way back; had stayed in it a day or two, for the purpose of seeing Martin Pope, who was an old friend, and of being introduced to Hamish Channing. That shy feeling of reticence, which is the characteristic of most persons whose genius is worth anything, had induced Hamish to bury all this in silence.

"The barge brought him back. It is on its way up again. Charley arrived under convoy of the barge-woman, a red handkerchief on his head in lieu of his trencher, which, you know, he lost that night," added Hamish, laughing. "Lady Augusta, who was going out of the house as he entered, was frightened into the belief that it was his ghost, and started them all with her cries to that effect, including the bishop, who was with my father in the drawing-room."

"Hamish! it is like a romance!" said Mr. Huntley.

"Very nearly, taking one circumstance with another. My father's return, cured; Roland's letter; and now, Charley's resuscitation. Their all happening together renders it the more remarkable. Poor Charley does look as much like a ghost as anything, and his curls are gone. They had to cut his hair close in the fever."

Mr. Huntley paused.

"Do you know, Hamish," he presently said, "I begin to think we were all a set of miffs? We might have thought of a barge."

"If we had thought of a barge, we should never have thought the barge would carry him off," disengaged Hamish. "However, we have got him back, and I thank God. I always said he would turn up, you know."

"I must come and see him," said Mr. Huntley. "I was at the college school this morning, therefore close to your house, but I did not call. I thought your father would have enough callers, without me."

Hamish laughed.

"He has had a great many. The house, I understand, has been like a fair. He is in Guild Street this afternoon. It looks like the happy old times to see him at his post again."

"What are you going to do, now your place is usurped?" asked Mr. Huntley. "Abide into a clerk again, and discharge the one who was taken on in your stead when you were promoted?"

"That's the question—what is to be done with me?" returned Hamish, in his joking manner. "I have been telling my father that I had perhaps better pay Port Natal a visit, and join Roland Yorke."

"I told your father once, that when this time came, I would help you to a post."

"I am aware you did, sir. But you told me subsequently you had altered your intention—that I was not eligible for it."

"Believing you were the culprit at Gallo-

way's."

Hamish raised his eyebrows.

"The extraordinary part of that, sir, is, how you could have imagined such a thing of me."

"Hamish, I shall always think so myself in future. But I have this justification—that I was not alone. Some of your family, who might be supposed to know you better than I, entertained the same belief."

"Yes; Constance and Arthur. But are you sure, sir, that it was not their conduct that first induced you to suspect me?"

"Right, lad. Their conduct—I should rather say their manner—was inexplicably mysterious, and it set me on to furt out the cause. That they were screening some one was evident, and I could only come to the conclusion that it was you. But Master Hamish, there were circumstances on your own part which tended to bear out the belief," added Mr. Huntley, his tone becoming jocular. "Whence sprung that money where with you satisfied some of your troublesome creditors just at that same time?"

Once more, as when it was spoken of before, a red flush dyed the face of Hamish.

Certainly, it could not be a flush of guilt, while that ingenuous smile hovered on his lips. But Hamish seemed attacked with sudden shyness.

"Your refusal to satisfy me on this point, when we previously spoke of it, tended to confirm my suspicion," continued Mr. Huntley. "I think you might make a confidant of me, Hamish. The money could not have dropped from the clouds; and I am sure you possessed no funds of your own just then."

"But neither did I steal it. Mr. Huntley"—raising his eyes to that gentleman's face—"how closely you must have watched me and my affairs!"

Mr. Huntley drew in his lips.

"Perhaps I had my own motives for doing so, young sir."

"I earned the money," said Hamish, who probably penetrated into Mr. Huntley's "motives;" at any rate, he hoped he did. "I earned it fairly and honorably, by my own private industry."

Mr. Huntley opened his eyes.

"Private industry? Have you turned shoemaker?"

"Not shoemaker," laughed Hamish. "Book-maker. The truth is, Mr. Huntley—but will you promise to keep my secret?"

"Ay. Honor bright."

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"Oh, taste and see how gracious the Lord is! blessed is the man that trusteth in Him! Oh, fear the Lord, ye that are His saints! for they that fear Him lack nothing. The lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good. The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous; and His ears are open unto their prayers. Great are the troubles of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of all. The Lord delivereth the souls of His servants; and all they that put their trust in Him shall not be destitute."

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"I suppose I can go up, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"You can go up," returned she; "but mind you don't get worrying him. I won't have him worried. He worries himself, without anybody else doing it gratis. If it's not about one thing it's about another. Sometimes it's his master and the office, how they'll get along; sometimes it's me what I shall do with him; sometimes it's his old father. He don't need any foreign things to put him up."

"I am sorry he is so much worse," remarked Arthur.

"So am I," said Mrs. Jenkins, tarrying.

He found the dean waiting for him in the nave, when he went down at the conclusion of the service. Doctor Gardner was with him. The dean held out his hand to Arthur.

"I am very glad you are cleared," he said.

"You have behaved nobly."

Arthur winced. He did not like to take the faintest meed of praise that was not his strict due. The dean might have thought he deserved less, did he know that he had been only screening Hamish; but Arthur could not know that tale in public. He glanced at the dean with a frank smile.

"You see now, sir, that I only spoke the truth when I assured you of my innocence."

"Do you see it?" said the dean. "I believed you then."

And once more shaking Arthur's hand, he turned into the cloisters with Doctor Gardner.

"I have already offered my congratulations," said the canon, good-humoredly, nodding back to Arthur; which was correct. He had waylaid Arthur as he went into college.

Arthur suffered them to go on a few steps, and then descended to the cloisters. Old Ketch was shuffling along.

"What's this as I've been a hearing about that there drowned boy having come back?" asked he, of Arthur, in his usual ungracious fashion.

"I don't know what you may have heard, Ketch. He is come back."

"And he isn't dead, nor drowned?"

"Neither one nor the other. He is alive and well."

Ketch gave a groan of despair.

"And them horrid young wretches'll escape the hangman! I'd ha' walked ten miles to see 'em—"

"Gracious, Sir John, what's that you are talking about?" interrupted Bywater, as the choristers trooped up. "Kept you! So we have, for once! What an agony of disappointment it must be for you, Mr. Calcraft! Such practice for your old hands, to topple off a dozen or so of us! Besides the pay!—How much do you charge a head, Calcraft?"

Ketch answered by a yell.

"Now don't excite yourself, I beg," went on aggravating Bywater. "We are thinking of getting up a petition to the dean, to console your disappointment, praying that he'll allow you to wear a cap that we have ordered for you! It's made of scarlet cloth, with long ears, and a set of drooping bells! Its device is a cross beam

Smilingly pressed Arthur's hand between his.

"God bless you, Mr. Arthur," he fervently said; "may He be your friend forever! May He render your dying bed happy, as He has rendered mine!" And Arthur turned away—never again to see Jenkins in life.

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he comes shall find watching."

As Jenkins was, that night, when the message came for him.

"He is therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour that ye think not."

CHAPTER LX.

OR WHAT DOES IT LIE?

Had the clerk of the weather been favored with an express letter containing a heavy birth, a more lovely day could not have been secured than that one in January which witnessed the marriage of Constance Channing to the Rev. William Yorke.

The church ceremony was over, and they were home again; seated at breakfast with the invited guests. But few guests were present, and they mostly close friends: the Huntleys; Lady Augusta Yorke and Gerald; Mr. Galloway; and the Rev. Mr. Pye, who married them. It is the fashion in these days to have a superfluity of bridesmaids; I am not sure that a young lady would consider herself legally married unless she enjoyed the privilege. Constance, though not altogether a slave to fashion, had followed it, not in a very extensive degree. Annabel Channing and Ellen Huntley, Caroline and Fanny Yorke, had been the *demoiselles d'honneur*. Charley's suborned had grown on again, and Charley himself was in rather better condition than when he arrived from his *impromptu* excursion. For grandeur, nobody could match with Miss Huntley; her brocade silk stood on end, stiff and prim, and stately as herself. Judy, in her way, was stately too; a curiously fine lace cap on her head, which had not been allowed to see the light since Charley's christening, with a big white satin bow in front of it, twice as large as the cap itself. And that was no despicable size.

The only one who did not behave with a due regard to what might be expected of him, was Hamish—grievous, as it is to have to record it. It had been duly impressed upon Hamish that he was to conduct Miss Huntley into breakfast, etiquette and society commanding that lady to his share. Mr. Hamish, however, chose to misconstrue instructions in the most deplorable manner. He left Miss Huntley, a prey to whomsoever might pick her up, and took in Miss Ellen. It might have passed muster possibly, but for Annabel's tongue, which appeared to be under no more stringent rule that important morning than it was at other times.

"Hamish, that's wrong! It is Miss Huntley you are to take in; not Ellen."

Hamish had grown suddenly deaf. He walked on with Ellen, leaving the confusion to right itself. Arthur stepped up in the dilemma, and the tips of Miss Huntley's white-gloved fingers were laid upon his arm. It would take her some time to forgive Hamish, favorite though he was. Later, Hamish took the opportunity of reading Miss Annabel a private lecture on the expediency of minding her own business.

Hamish was in his new post now, at the bank; thoroughly well established. He had not yet taken up his abode in the house. It was too large, he laughingly said, for a single man.

The breakfast came to an end, as other breakfasts do; and next, Constance came down in her travelling dress. Now that the moment of parting was come, Constance, in her agitation, longed for it to be over. She hurriedly wished them adieu, and lifted her tearful face last to her father.

Mr. Channing laid his hands upon her.

"May God bless my dear child, and be her guide and refuge forever! William Yorke, it is a treasure of great price that I have given you this day. May she be as good a wife as she has been a daughter!"

Mr. Yorke, murmuring a few heartfelt words, put Constance into the carriage, and they drove away.

"It will be your turn next," whispered Hamish to Ellen Huntley, who stood watching the departure from one of the windows.

What would have said—whether she would have given any other answer than that accorded by her blushing cheeks—cannot be told. The whisper had not been quite so low as Hamish deemed it, and it was overheard by Mr. Huntley.

"There may be two words to that bargain, Mr. Hamish."

"Twenty if you like, sir," responded Hamish, promptly, "so that they be affirmative ones."

"Ellen," whispered Mr. Huntley, "would you have him with all his gracelessness?"

Ellen looked ready to drop, and her eyes filled.

"Do not joke now, papa," was all she said.

Hamish caught her hand, and took upon himself the office of soothing her. And Mr. Huntley relapsed into a smile, and did not hinder him.

But somebody else was bursting into tears; the sounds testified. It proved to be Lady Augusta Yorke. A few tears might well be excused to Mrs. Channing, on the occasion of parting with her ever-loving, ever-duty child; but what could Lady Augusta have to cry about?

Lady Augusta was excessively impulsive; as you have long ago learnt. The happiness of the Channing family, in their social relations to each other—the loving gentleness of Mr. and Mrs. Channing with their children—the thorough respect, affection, duty, rendered to them by the children in return—had struck her more than ever on this morning. She was contrasting the young Channings with her boys and girls, and the contrast made her feel love-sick. Thus she was just poised to go off, when the parting came with Constance, and the bairn took place as she watched the carriage from the door.

Had any one asked Lady Augusta why she cried, she would have been puzzled to state.

"Tell me," she suddenly uttered, turning and seizing Mrs. Channing's hands,—"what makes the difference between your children and mine? My children were not born bad, any more than yours were; and yet, look at the trouble they give me. In what does it lie?"

"I think," said Mrs. Channing, quietly, and with some hesitation—for it was not a pleasant thing to say what might tactfully reflect on Lady Augusta—"that the difference in most children lies in the bringing up. Children turn out well or ill as they are trained; they will become our blessing or our grief."

"Ah, yes, that must be it," acquiesced Lady Augusta. "And yet—I don't know," she rejoined, doubtfully. "Do you believe that so very much lies in the training?"

"It does, indeed, Lady Augusta. God's laws everywhere proclaim it. Look at the productions of the earth. Dig out rough diamond from a mine—what is it, unless you polish it, and cut it, and set it? Do you see its value, its beauty, in its native state? Look at the trees of our fields, the flowers of our parterres, the vegetables of our gardens—what are they, unless they are pruned, dug about, cared for? It is by cultivation alone that they can be brought to perfection. Compare those which have grown up in a wild, rude state, with others that have been sedulously reared and tended; you can scarcely believe them to be of the same species. And if God made the productions of the earth so that it is only by our constant attention and labor they can be brought to perfection, would His, think you, have us evince less care for that far more important product, our children's minds? They may be trained to perfections, or they may be let run to waste by neglect."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lady Augusta; "but it is a dreadful trouble, always to be worrying over children."

"It is a trouble that, in a very short time after entering upon it, grows into a pleasure," said Mrs. Channing. "I am sure that there is not a single mother, really training her children to good, but will bear me out in the assertion. It is a pleasure that they would not be without. Take it from them, and the most delightful occupation of their lives is gone. And think of the reward! Were there no higher end to be looked for, it would be found in the loving, obedient docility of the children. You talk of the trouble, Lady Augusta; those who would escape trouble with their children, should be careful to train them."

"I think I'll begin at once with mine," exclaimed Lady Augusta, brightening up.

A smile crossed Mrs. Channing's lips, as she slightly shook her head. None knew better than she that training, to bear its proper fruit, must be begun with a child's earliest years.

Meanwhile, Mr. Galloway was holding a conference with Mr. Channing.

"Presents seem to be the order of the day," he was remarking, in allusion to sundry pretty offerings which had been made to Constance. "I think I may as well contribute my mite—"

"Why, you have done it! You gave her a bracelet, you know," cried Miss Annabel. "For which abrupt interruption she was forthwith consigned to a respectful distance, and ran away to be teased by Tom and Gerald.

"I have something in my pocket which I wish to give to Arthur, which I have been intending for some time to give him," resumed Mr. Galloway, taking from his pocket what seemed to be a roll of parchment. "Will you accept them, Arthur?"

"What, sir?"

"Your articles."

"Oh, Mr. Galloway!"

"No thanks, my boy. I am in your debt far deeper than I like to be! A trifling thing like this—touching the parchment—cannot wipe out the suspicion I cast upon you—the disgrace which followed it. Perhaps at some future time I may be able to atone for it better. I hope we shall be together many years, Arthur. I have no son to succeed to my business, and it may be—But I will leave that, until the future comes—"

It was a valuable present gracefully offered, and Mr. Channing and Arthur acknowledged it as such, passing over the more valuable hint in silence.

"Children," said Mr. Channing, as—the festivities of the day being at an end, and the guests departed—they gathered together round their fireside, bereft of Constance, "what a forcible lesson of God's mercy ought these last few months to teach us! Six months ago there came to us the news that our suit was lost; other troubles followed upon it, and things looked dark. But I, for one, never lost my trust in God; it was not for a moment shaken; and if you are the children I and your mother have striven to bring up, you did not lose yours. Tom," turning suddenly upon him, "I fear you were the most impatient."

Tom looked contrite.

"I fear I was, papa."

"What good did the indulgence in your hasty spirit do you?"

"No good, but harm," frankly confessed Tom. "I hope it has helped me to some notion of patience, though, for the future, papa."

"Ay," said Mr. Channing. "Hope on, strive on, work on, and trust on! I believe that you made those your watchwords, as did I. And now, in an almost unprecedentedly short time, we are brought through our trouble. While others, equally deserving, have to struggle for years before the cloud is lifted, it has pleased God to bring us out wonderfully quickly, to heal mercies and blessings; and a hopeful future upon us. I may truly say, 'He has brought us to great honor, and comforted us on every side.' Let us praise God!"

"I have been young, and now am old; and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

[THE END.]

Additions Proposed to the TAX BILL.

SENATOR CHANDLER'S SPEECH.

The *Knickerbocker Magazine* furnishes the following items, which may be added to the next tax bill, if a supplement is furnished:

Tax on moustaches, \$6 per month.

On whiskers, other than those belonging to cats and dogs, \$8 per month.

To succeed in the public highway, 18 cents. If accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.

N. B. But we understand a deduction of 5 per cent. is made in favor of New England during the prevalence of an East wind.

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To success in the public highway, 18 cents. If accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.

N. B. Engaged couples may "commute" for \$10 per month.]

For ringing door bells or using knockers, 1 cent.

To success in the public highway, 18 cents. If accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.

N. B. Engaged couples may "commute" for \$10 per month.]

For carrying cane, \$1.

For lorgne or quizzing glasses, \$1.

For using Expressly Prepared Mustard, 2 cents per pot.

Pencils and pens, \$5 per annum.

On all keys in use, 6 cents.

For kissing anybody except relatives, 25 cents each time.

N. B. Engaged couples may "commute" for \$10 per month.]

For using scraper or door mat before a door, 1 cent.

To success in the public highway, 18 cents. If accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.

N. B. Engaged couples may "commute" for \$10 per month.]

For using scraper or door mat, \$1.

For shaking hands with ladies, 10 cents.

For squeezing said hands, \$1.

For not squeezing said hands when "circumstances favor," \$10.

For quoting French, 25 cents.

For saying in "in our midst," or "pending," or "reliable," or "donate," or "proven," \$1.

For writing one's name as Marie, Pollie, Hattie, Maggie, or Judy, \$1.

For joining the Curb Stone Christian Association, and waiting at the door to "see the ladies come out," \$10.

For chocking spruce gum, 1 cent.

For keeping the register of "who's engaged," \$1 per name.

For noticing with whom any or everybody walks, with whom they go, &c., for each indulgence, \$10.

For recording anything not strictly your own business, \$10.

For responding in church like a blatant wild bull, \$10.

For talking in the opera, \$10.

For calling for encore, \$200.

For asking friends to take tickets to anything, \$100.

For reading your own literary compositions to any one, \$1.

For doing same to editor, or offering to do it, \$1,000.

For borrowing anything, \$1.

For staying later than 11 P. M. when calling, \$1 per hour.

For the boorish carelessness of calling at office or other place, and not leaving your name, \$10.

For using any hackneyed quotation, 25 cents.

For always mentioning in connection with a name that he or she is "very rich," or "poor as Job," \$1.

For pointing out a millionaire, 25 cents.

For talking of your appetite, or diseases, or describing what you like to eat and drink, or when you change your flannels, \$1.

OUR NAVY.

Commodore Porter on the Mississippi used mortars seven thousand pounds heavier than any known at the siege of Sebas-

topol. The guns constructed for the new Monitors will throw shot weighing four hundred and twenty-five pounds, which is nearly three times the weight of the round shot fired from the largest Armstrong guns yet made for the British navy. This result is attained after a brief series of experiments, while the British Admiralty has expended years in time and fabulous sums in money to secure the most effective ordnance, and had settled down in the firm belief that Sir Wm. Armstrong had attained the *plus ultra* in this line, the secret of which, to their infinite satisfaction, was with the British nation. Thus we have made an immense advance upon Europe in both offensive armament and defensive armor, and the end of 1862 will see us by all odds the most formidable naval, as well as the most formidable military, power of the world.

On the 22d of February, the Army of the Potomac was ordered to move, but it was not ready. At last, on the 10th of March, it did move, under the protest of the commander. On the 10th of March, that army numbered 200,000 men, by the muster-roll. They marched on Manassas and the wooden guns of Centreville, and the enemy, less than 40,000, quietly moved away.

At a council of war eight generals voted not to advance on Manassas, but leave the enemy there and sneak around by Annapolis. Seven out of the eight of these generals were appointed by the advice of General McClellan. But the Secretary of War overruled this, and made the army move on Manassas.

Our brave men spent the winter in canvas tents. At last, in January, the President gave an order to forward, and those glorious events took place at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Newbern, &c., and do-nothing strategy seemed to give way to works, and the day of spades, pick-axes, and shovels was over.

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ADDRESS
Of the Loyal Citizens of New York. In mass meeting assembled, in Union Square, on the 15th day of July, 1862.

The war in which the United States are engaged is not a war of conquest, but purely of defense. We are fighting for that which we received from our fathers; for the Union, which was freely entered into by all the parties to it; for the Constitution, which is older than this generation, which was made, in part, by the rebel states, and which every rebel leader has oftentimes sworn to support. We did not resist till our forbearance was impeded to pusillanimity; we did not strike till we had been struck; and when we took up arms, we sought only to retake that which had been taken from us by force, or surrendered, under an impulsive or traitorous President and Cabinet.

The rebellion had no cause or pretext which was even plausible. Misgoverned by the Federal power was not even pretended, nor any just apprehension of misgoverned, for though a President had been chosen whose opinions were hostile to the extension of slavery, the other departments of the Government were so constituted that no legislation hostile to the South could have been perfected. The rebels revolted, therefore, against a Government which themselves or their fathers had, of their free choice, created for them, whose powers they had generally wielded, and whose offices they had, for the greater part, filled.

What this rebellion was is declared by the Constitution, which the rebels immediately adopted for themselves, and to which they invited the adherence of the loyal states. That instrument may be regarded as their manifesto. It is for the most part a copy of the Constitution of the United States, with these two important additions—the perpetual servitude of the African race, and the inalienable right of each state to secede from the rest at will. Slavery and secession are the two cornerstones of the rebel Constitution; the differences between that and our own, and of course the only causes and objects of the rebellion.

Whoever, therefore, either in this country or in Europe, sympathizes with the rebels, or abets them, must justify the taking up of arms, and filling the land with distress and slaughter, for the establishment of the perpetual right of slavery and the perpetual right of secession.

The bare statement of the position, so far as slavery is concerned, should seem to be sufficient argument. In this age of the world, under the influence of our Christian civilization, it seems incredible that any set of men should dare to proclaim perpetual human servitude as a fundamental article of their social compact, or that any other man should be found on the face of the world to justify or even to tolerate them. In respect to the assumed right of secession, the argument is short and conclusive. Our Constitution established a Government and not a league; that was its purpose. The aim of its founders, to make it a Government indissoluble and immortal, was as clearly expressed in the language of the instrument, and of contemporaneous writings, as it was possible to express it.

That man must be most ignorant of American history and law, who does not know that the idea of a league or partnership is wholly foreign to our constitutional system. The union between England and Scotland is as much a league, or partnership, as the union between New York and Virginia. When Englishmen talk of the right of Virginia to self-government, let them ask themselves if they think Scotland has a right to secede from England at will.

So much for the legal right—now for the political necessity. The secession of Louisiana and Florida from Pennsylvania and Ohio can no more be admitted, considered as a question of policy alone, than could the secession of Wales from England, or Burgundy from France; nay, more—it would be possible for France to exist as a powerful empire without a foot of the old domain of the Burghian princes; and England might be powerful and respected, though the Welsh in their mountains still maintained their independence. But such is the shape of this continent, and the net-work of waters which flow through the delta of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, that one part of the great valley cannot secede from the other. Providence has written its eternal decree upon the rivers and mountains of our continent, that the North-Western and South-Western states shall be forever joined.

But if it were possible to be otherwise—if several independent communities, without any national tie, could exist side by side in the great basin of our continent—they would be rivals, and from rivals would become enemies, warring with each other, seeking foreign alliances, obstructing each other's prosperity, and assailing each other's power. The great experiment of republican government would have failed; an experiment depending for its success upon the possibility of uniting an independent nation of separate states in respect to the greater numbers of the functions of government, with the action of a national Government upon all matters of common concern.

If, as we believe, the fate of republican government in America is to determine whether a great country can be governed by any other than the monarchical form, with its concomitants of privileged classes, and standing army, and, of course, whether the country of ours is to continue to be the asylum for the poor and the oppressed of all countries, there can be no greater question presented to any people than that now presented to us; none in which the millions of the continent, and of Europe, are more deeply concerned. If such a sacrifice were necessary, the thirty millions who now inhabit these states could do nothing so useful or sublime as to give themselves and all that they have, that they might leave this broad land under one free, indissoluble, republican government, opening wide its arms to the people of all lands and promising happy homes to hundreds of millions for scores of ages.

We are persuaded that there has never been a struggle between authority and rebellion whose issue involved more of good or ill to the human race. We are fighting not for ourselves alone, but for our fellow-men, and for the millions who are to come after us. These are scenes in the great war of opinion, which began before the century opened, and which will be ended only when it shall be decided whether government is for the few or the many.

We do not war with monarchical governments, or monarchical principles. They may be the best for some countries. The republican form of government is the one we prefer for ourselves, and for that, in its purity and its strength, we are offering up our substance, and pouring out our blood like water. We are contending for that scheme of government for which Washington and the rest of the fathers took up arms; for the integrity of our country, for our national existence, for our Christian civilization of our land, for our commerce, our arts, our schools; for all those earthly things which we have been taught most to cherish and respect.

Such being the magnitude of the stake in this contest, can it be wondered at that we feel that all that we have, and all that we can do, should be given to our country in this great hour of trial? If there be a man amongst us who does not feel thus, he should leave us. We cannot endure the thought that

a traitor in the midst of us. For ourselves, we are willing to make every sacrifice necessary for the triumph of the Government. It can have all the resources of twenty millions of people. All we ask of it is, that it shall use them quickly, vigorously, and wisely. Let us have no disintegrated counsels, no uncertain policy, no insufficient armaments, no paltering with rebellion. The crisis is most serious and imminent. The nation is not in a mood for trifling. It believes that the surest means of suppressing the rebellion are the best. It complains only of delays, vacillation, weakness. It wishes the strength of the nation to be collected, and when collected, used so that not a vestige of revolt remains. We know that we have the men and the means; we only demand of the Government that is do what it is bound to do—use them with singleness of purpose, with well-considered plans, under the lead of the wheat counsel and the most skillful command.

This rebellion is a matter between ourselves and the rebels. No person other than an American has anything to do with it. If another intrudes into it, we must regard and treat him as an enemy. And if any foreign Government, forgetting its own duties, attempts to interfere in our affairs, the attempt must be repelled, as we are sure it will be repelled with that firmness and spirit which become the American people and their representatives. If there be anything about which we are all agreed, it is the wisdom of our traditional policy, that we will not interfere in the affairs of other nations, nor allow their interference in ours. To the maintenance of this policy the nation is devoted, and the Government can count on the unanimous support of our people.

THESE AND MEAL.—There is a moderate balance in flour at New York for the month of June of nearly ten million dollars, the specie on deposit in the Banks and Sub-Treasury July 1st, had decreased only one and a half million, the total June 1st being \$28,307,000.

A MINISTER in Beverly, Mass., who happened to have a few sleepy hours of the masculine gender, in repining their somnolence, stated that throughout the whole 27 years of his ministry, he never yet had seen a woman asleep in meeting.

THE charge of excessive cruelty against Gen. Mitchell has been pronounced by that officer to be "utterly and absolutely false."

CERTAINLY, we should be loth to believe it, although it emanated from a responsible source, until the proof demanded from Gen. Mitchell's letter is furnished.

It is said that there were 11,000 slaves in Fauquier county, Virginia, before the rebellion, about 6,000 of whom have left their masters and sought employment elsewhere. Many of them remain in the county, but demand payment for their labor, and generally obtain it.

NEW GOLD FIELD.—A new gold field has been discovered in Southern California, near the Colorado river, which it is expected will develop an extent of several thousands of square miles, and perhaps equal the original wealth of California.

CURRENT WINE.—A regular currant wine manufacturer has been in operation the present season at Lafayette, Ind., and has turned out several thousand gallons of the beverage which is said to be a first-rate article.

STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—The British troops at present reach the number of 200,000 effectives. Of these, about 63,000 are in India, about 60,000 in the Colonies, and the remaining 83,000 form the standing army at home.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY have undertaken a new branch of publishing. The managers have caused crackers to be baked on each of which is stamped a text of scripture.

IT is estimated that there are now on furlough 50,000 enlisted men, most of whom are in a condition to rejoin their regiments.

THE IRON-CLAD HOMSEAK, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is almost completed.

DISENTHERED.—Mr. G. W. Rives, son of Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia, passed through this city on Monday evening, en route for Washington City. Mr. Rives has resided for some years in the State of Illinois, and when the war broke out, he became a prominent opponent of the rebels.

PROVISIONS continue inactive, and prices of most kinds about the same, with a small business in flour in New York at \$10.70/gal. or less, and at \$11.50/gal. in Western cities.

BEEF BACON HAMS are selling more freely, prices ranging at 70¢/lb. for bagged, the latter for fancy, and Shoulders at 40¢/lb. Sides are quiet, and quoted at 50¢/lb.

GREEN MEATS are unchanged, with more activity in Hams at 50¢/lb. in salt and 65¢/lb. in pickle, and the latter scarce. Shoulders in salt are worth 35¢/lb. and Sides 55¢/lb., and the sales moderate.

LARD is firm and more required for bacon, and quoted at 25¢/lb. in salt.

ONION SAUCE is 15¢/lb. cash, now held higher.

COUNTRY HAM is 25¢/lb. and prime Western hams 55¢/lb.

BUTTER moves off as wanted at 70¢/lb.

CHEESE is scarce and quoted at 70¢/lb.

Eggs are steady at 11¢/doz.

COTTON—Holders have put up their prices 25¢/lb. since the close of last week; the high rates now current have had a tendency to limit the operations of the week to some 400 bales, at from 45 to 48¢, cash, including very inferior at 30¢/lb.

AS-HEES are better, and a small business doing in both Pots and Peals at the advance.

BARK—The demand is limited and the market less firm, with further sales of 80 bds. Quercitron part at \$35/gd. for 1st No. 1, and part private, the receipts are light. Tanners' Bark is selling on arrival at \$116/gd. for Chestnut, and \$136/gd. for Spanish Oak.

BEEF WAX is better, good yellow selling in a small way at 50¢/lb.

COTTON—Holders are very firm in their views, and are not inclined to move forward to advance. SCHUYLKILL WHITE ALAB. LAMP \$10.70/gal. Prepared to \$4.65/gal. Red Ash \$10.70/gal. 4.75. Lehigh Lamp \$10.70/gal. 4.75. Prepared to \$5.25/gal.

COFFEE is better, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and a good demand from the trade at an advance of 10¢/lb. to \$10/gal. on the quotations of 100 lbs. and some 2000 bags, mostly Rio, sold in small lots at 20¢/lb. and Laguaya at 21¢/lb. in the cash and time.

COPPER is dull, with a small business to note in yellow metal at 22¢/lb. on time.

FEATHERS—The demand continues limited and the market very quiet at 37¢/lb. 25¢/lb.

FRUIT is arriving and selling more freely, and prices are steadily maintained.

BAY is rather better, good Timothy selling at 70¢/lb.

IRON—There is very little movement in the market, which is rather firm.

HOPS are moving off 16 lbs. as wanted at 16¢/lb.

FOR EASTERN and WESTERN.

IRON—The market for this staple is firm, and about 1000 tons of Anthracite have been disposed of in lots at \$34 for No. 1, \$32 for No. 2, and \$31 for 3, on time. Of Scotch Peat small sales are reported at 25¢, cash. In manufactured Iron there is a steady business to note fully formed rats.

LEAD is firm, but inactive, and holders generally are asking \$10 the 100 lbs. for Galena.

LIME is unchanged, with about the usual business to note in White Pine at \$14/gal. and Yellow Saps at \$13/gal.

MOLASSES is better, with a small business only to note in Cuba at 10¢/lb. advance. Syrups are also showing higher prices.

PLASTER—There is a little offering or selling, but is steady demand at \$2.50 per lb.

PLASTER—There is a little offering or selling, and is steady demand at \$2.50 per lb.

REEDS are quiet, Cloverseed selling at \$50/gal. the latter from second hands, at which rate we note sales of 300 bushels. Timothy is held above the views of buyers, and we hear of no sales.

ON FLAXED, which is scarce, small sales are reported at \$2.25/gal. and 25¢/lb.

SPICES—Cinnamon and Cane remain quiet about 35¢/lb.

W. H. HEN is better, and selling at \$50/gal.

WHISKEY is also better, better having been taken to some extent at 35¢/lb. bds. in a small way at 30¢/lb. and drudge at 30¢/lb.

SUGAR have been very active, and prices at the close 25¢/lb. higher than last week, with sales of some 3000 bds. mostly Cuba, to note within the range of 25¢/lb. to 30¢/lb. on time.

TANIN is in good demand and on the advance with a little offering or selling, and prices range at 94¢/lb. to 10¢/lb.

TOBACCO remains quiet. The sales of both Leaf and Manufactured are small, and the latter scarce and high.

Wool—The market for this staple has been very active at an advance on the rates now current last week, and some 3000 lbs. for domestic fleece have changed hands at from \$6 to \$8 per combs to bad blood and fine quality.

BLACK MILITIAMEN—It is understood here that the object of the new militia law, which provides for the enlistment of persons of African descent, is not merely to legalize the employment of "contrabands" as auxiliaries to our arms in the field, but is intended to secure the enlistment of negroes in the free states, now excluded from the militia by the act of February 28, 1795. Should the bill become a law, it is said there is a brigade of negroes in New York city, already enrolled, which can take the field within a week.

WASH. COR. N. Y. Jour. Com.

HOW YOU PUBLISH THE LAWS IN HATTIE.—[Extract from a letter.] Do you know how they publish the laws in Hattie? First, they print them in every newspaper, secondly, on handbills, which are posted up in every town; thirdly, they are read throughout all the streets of the cities, towns and villages on a certain day every week by a public officer, who is attended by a military band, composed of drummers chiefly, who manage enough to attract a crowd of listeners. Thus, every one learned and unlearned, has a chance to know what the laws of his country are.—*Hattie and Palm.*

ONE OF THE WORST POSSIBLE OF THESE WOMEN showed disrespect to the remains of gallant young DeKay, and you will see her punishment, a copy of the order which I enclose, is at once a vindication and a construction of my order.

I can only say that I would issue it again under like circumstances. Again thanking you for your kind interest, I am,

Yours truly,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

TOBACCO GROWING.—We notice that in the and the adjoining counties farmers are turning their attention largely to the growing of tobacco which promises in these times to be quite a remunerative crop. Owing to the impossibility of cultivating tobacco in many parts of the South the present year, the crop promises to bring unheard of prices. All who have planted, and succeeded in raising a crop, will realize large returns. The growing crop which was transplanted just previous to the late rains looks finely and gives promise of an abundant harvest. The tobacco plant grows rapidly after it is transplanted, and is generally ripe enough to harvest in a little over sixty days after the plants are put out. The probable limited supply of this article for a year or two to come will induce many of our farmers to enter upon its cultivation.—*Boston Democ.*

AN HAVANA correspondent mentions that a regiment of negroes, from Martinique, which had been employed by the French to aid in the Mexican campaign, were landed at Vera Cruz to pursue the troops of Carabal, but instead of doing this, they considered

discretion the best part of valor, and ran off.

IT is only fair to add, however, that it was

really the most sensible thing they could do.

NEWS ITEMS.

AN English gentleman kept a male and female canary for some time in a cage, and separated the birds. On being deprived of her mate, the female bird took it so much to heart that she died the same night; and the male, like a faithful swain, died the following morning. Both birds were lively and healthy at the time of separation.

THE SPRAGUE, of Rhode Island, have made a more generous and patriotic proposition to the men in their employ who have families. They offer to continue to such, if they will enlist, half their pay during their absence, and to secure their positions to them when they return.

THE food and drink of the people of Eng-

land paid last year £40,000,000 or £40,000,000 of taxes.

Of that amount, £30,000,000 or £30,000,000 was paid by the poor, and £10,000,000 or £10,000,000 by the rich.

THE WAY RECRUITING IS DONE AT THE SOUTH.—When the Southern Confederacy wants men, J. G. Davis issues his orders to the governors of states, and the governors in turn issue their orders to the counties. The demand is made upon the war material. Ten or fifteen, more or less, of the wealthy men of a county meet together and hold a conference somewhat after this fashion:—We want 100 men (in this case, 100 men). One says, "My son is anxious to go; he has a good practical education and is fitted to command a company." (More, the young man is popular.) "I will give \$100 to aid his company." Another says, "My son will make a good lieutenant." "I will give \$200." Others say, "Our son will serve as private and they will fight; we will give \$300 or \$400." So the enthusiastic birds band together and no determination becomes hard to find.

THE RECRUITING is done at the South. And the others come forward and say, "We will support and care for the families of all who volunteer and go to the field of battle." (The commanding know that these men's word is as good as their bond.)

THE RECRUITING is

Wit and Humor.

A MATHEMATICAL HOSPITAL PATIENT.—On our upward trip we had on board a tall, gaunt looking volunteer, whose appearance not only indicated that he was lately from a hospital, but that it would perhaps have been better for him to have remained there still, for he certainly did not seem to be in fit condition to travel. He was from Eastern Ohio, and by some strange whim of his comrades (soldiers have odd notions as to name) he had won the cognomen of "Beauregard." He was full of dry humor, and it had a peculiar sort, coming from such a dilapidated specimen of the human kind. I asked him:

"How long were you in the hospital at?"

"I stayed just five days; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why so?" Were you not well treated?"

"Well, you see, when I went in, there were six patients. The first day they buried one."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing—only, the next day, they buried another."

"They must have been severe cases, and made it very unpleasant for you."

"Blamed unpleasant. I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculation, and on Friday I packed my knapsack and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days, one man each day. I couldn't stand that."

DIFFERENT VIEWS RESPECTING MARRIAGE.—Dr. Thomson, in his "Letters from Europe," handsomely hits off the different views which obtain among different classes and different communities respecting marriage:

One says—

"I wish to take advice about a serious matter that weighs heavily upon my mind."

"What is it?"

"Getting married. Is it best?"

"Well, whom have you in view? If she is young, handsome, and virtuous, the sooner you get her the better. Who is she?"

"Oh, nobody in particular; it is marriage in the abstract that I am thinking about." That is young Germany.

"Zounds! I love her, and will have her, if I have to swim the river for her." Young America.

"No use to deny me or run from me. Where you go I will go, where you stop I will stop, where you live I will live, where you die I will die, and where you are buried, there will I be buried." That is young Ireland.

"She is worth three thousand one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings and fourpence halfpenny, which, under the circumstances, is not quite sufficient." Young England.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.—An anecdote is related of a young tenor with a fine voice, but an empty purse, who being about to make his first appearance, and being desirous of securing the good-will and protection of one of the Italian journals, called upon the editor to assure him of his intention of subscribing to the paper whenever his resources allowed him to do so. He was cordially received at first, but the manner of the literary tyrant changed perceptibly as soon as the true state of the visitor's finances became known. The singer was earnest in his appeal, and promised faithfully that the subscription should be paid out of the first instalment due upon his engagement. After a somewhat protracted interview, assurances of mutual support were interchanged. The debt took place, and was most successful. It was noticed by the editor in the following cautious terms:—"Signor —— is an artist who promises a great deal. Before recording a decided opinion as to his merits, we shall wait and see whether he fulfills our expectations."

LARGE FRET.—The Reverend Joseph Bowman, of Pimperne, is celebrated for the large size of his "trotters." He is said to be the person who keeps a tannery in operation for the purpose of furnishing leather enough to keep him in boots and shoes. But that is said to be a falsehood by those who know him best. On one occasion, wanting his boots mended, he stopped at the door of Bill Hill's shoe shop, and thus accosted the cobbler, who was busy at work within—

"Say, Bill, can you half-sole my boots to-day?"

Bill, who stammered a little, came to the door, and after taking a long and apparently anxious survey of the weather, answered—

"Yes, if d-d-don't rain."

"Why, Bill, what difference would that make?" said the reverend.

"Why," said Bill, "my sh-sh-sh shop ain't very large, and I thought I e-e-could bring my b-b-bench out d-doors."

BETSY'S CONSPIRATOR SENSATION.—There is a dear good old lady in our "dearliest," who has for a daughter an "unkinmon" cross old girl, who has not been burdened with a surplus of attention from the opposite "sex." Her mother wonders "why on earth the females don't come to see Betsy." But, miserably dicti / last Sunday night Betsy had a beau, and they "set up," and the old lady was extremely delighted. Monday morning when her fair daughter came down to her morning meal, the old lady exclaimed, with pleasant emphasis—

"Well, Betsy, my dear, how do you feel this morning?"

Betsy glared at her a moment, and then muttered, in deep, low tones—

"Feel as though I could eat su'thin."

Betsy wasn't accustomed to "settin' up," you see.

SEWING.—Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

SLOW AND SURE.—In one of the old Dutch settlements of the Mohawk Valley, a very honest old farmer of the Little Four Corners was elected justice of the peace. It was not supposed that Squire V —— had amassed much legal learning, but he was quite noted for his unsophisticated honesty and frankness—indeed, a blunt Dutchman, whose heart never erred, but whose head had very little connection with it in the administration of his official functions. It happened that his first case was quite hotly contested by lawyers on both sides. They summed it up elaborately, and after they got through quoting from "Crown's Treatise," the bar-room of the hotel (his office) being crowded with eager spectators to hear the first decision of the new justice, the old man deliberately folded up his docket, put it under his arm, lit his pipe and said:—"Well, gentlemen, I shall take four days to decide, but shall eventually find judgment for the plaintiff."

"I stayed just five days; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why so?" Were you not well treated?"

"Well, you see, when I went in, there were six patients. The first day they buried one."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing—only, the next day, they buried another."

"They must have been severe cases, and made it very unpleasant for you."

"Blamed unpleasant. I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculation, and on Friday I packed my knapsack and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days, one man each day. I couldn't stand that."

AN EXPLANATION.—"Papa," said my bright eyed little girl to me one day, "I believe mamma loves you better'n she does me."

I confess to doubts on that subject, but I concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing my silence as unfavorable to her side.

"Well," said she at last, "I suppose it's all right; you're the biggest and it takes more to love you."

A KIND ACT AND ITS REWARD.

The Cleveland Plaindealer sketches an incident that lately occurred on one of the railroads running through Ohio. The sketch is interesting, though it is impersonal. The car is full of well-dressed, aristocratic passengers. The conductor enters, and proceeds to collect the accustomed fare. Presently he comes to a lady dressed in deep mourning, travelling with three children, and calls for a ticket.—

The lady quickly puts her hand in her pocket for the same, but it was gone, with the wallet containing all her money, within which the ticket had been placed for safe keeping. The lady is of an exceedingly modest, retiring disposition, and in an agitated manner explains why she cannot pay the fare. The conductor is one of your hard-hearted kind—one of those men without a particle of feeling—and without taking into consideration any of the palliating circumstances of the case, rung the bell, stopped the train, and the young woman and her little ones were ordered from the car. The engineer had not been an uninterested spectator of the scene. He had left the engine and advanced to where the lady was standing, looking so distressed and friendless. The engineer had a big, warm heart. Putting his hand in his pocket, he produced a fifty dollar gold piece, and, handing it to the lady, remarked—

"Here, madam, take this and get into the car. It is shameful that you should be thus treated."

The lady hesitated about receiving it, but was in a desperate strait; and, after showering numberless thanks on the noble engineer, insisted on receiving his name and address. She then returned to her seat in the car, and again to her way.

About a month from this time the engineer received a note requesting him to call at the express office and take from thence a package addressed to him. He did so. Upon opening the package he found that it contained fifty dollars and an elegant gold watch, seals and chain. Upon the inside of the case was inscribed the golden rule, the substance of which is, "To do unto others as you would wish others to do to you."

TRA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.—The following will interest housekeepers:—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pecoe" or "Pecoe" means "white hairs," the down of tender leaves. "Powchong," "folded plant," "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo" is from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—IT IS AN EXQUISITE AND BEAUTIFUL THING IN OUR NATURE, THAT WHEN THE HEART IS TOUCHED AND SOFTENED BY SOME TRANQUIL HAPPINESS OR AFFECTIONATE FEELING, THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD COMES OVER IT MOST POWERFULLY AND IRRESISTIBLY. IT WOULD ALMOST SEEM AS THOUGH OUR BETTER THOUGHTS AND SYMPATHIES WERE CHARMS, IN VIRTUE OF WHICH THE SOUL IS ENABLED TO HOLD SOME VAGUE AND MYSTERIOUS INTERCOURSE WITH THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHOM WE DEARLY LOVED IN LIFE. ALAS, HOW OFTEN AND HOW LONG MAY THOSE PEACEFUL ANGELS HOVER ABOVE US, WATCHING FOR THE SPUR WHICH IS SO SILENTLY UTTERED AND SO SOON FORGOTTEN!

A STINGY FELLOW.—An old bachelor who had procured a marriage certificate for a friend, while glancing over it, was heard to soliloquize thus: "Can't do it—would like to, but won't—want a wife—would like to have a wife—but must do without an expensive luxury—wives are expensive—money is scarce—provisions are high—won't consent to give any one authority to spend money for me—can't do it."

SEWING.—Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

IGNORANT FLUNKY (to Tompkins, who is about to leave his *Carte de Visite*).—"Really, we don't want nothing o' the kind in your way, young man!"

LADIES' CONFIDENCES.

Two men, be they the dearest friends in the world, when they have once lighted their candles and said good-night, think no more of one another, and feel no lack of one another till they meet at breakfast the next morning. But two women, two sisters, or two dear friends, are not satisfied with talking all day down stairs, they must needs talk half the night in their bedrooms. Some prying novelist says somewhere that female nature is such that confidence cannot be perfect till the back hair is let down; but we do not know enough of ladies' toilets to know whether this is the right explanation. If it be, we feel quite sure that many husbands would be quite satisfied to allow the back hair to be let down in the drawing room; at all events, from the withdrawing thither to the announcement of tea. As it is, the poor man has a creeping sensation that he, and his house, and his friends, and all his affairs, are being discussed just when he is anxious to forget them all in sound slumber. We commend the question to the investigators of Social Science: Why do women delight to chatter in bedrooms, while men, if they do chattering, invariably chatter down stairs?

It is stated upon the authority of those who have heard it, a cat when her tail is pinched between a door and a post, utters the vowels a, e, i, o, u, with great distinctness. If the injury is prolonged, she gives w, and y, also.

How to make a real cowslip in winter—Grease a cow's hoofs and place her on the ice.

Agricultural.

LAMPAS IN HORSES.

This is an *imaginary* disease, but one commonly believed in by grooms, and we are sorry to add, by a great many well-informed persons. If a young horse refuses to eat, it is usually imputed to the *lampas*, which is said to be a swelling of the roof of the mouth back of the upper front teeth, to such a degree that the animal cannot chew its food. Then the awful remedy is presented of burning the part with a red hot iron! and in many instances the cruel suggestion is put in force with inhuman indifference and haste. This terrible torture is often inflicted without the slightest reference to the condition of the horse in other respects—to the manner in which he has been fed—what work he has been doing—or what exposure he has experienced. No effort is made to learn whether he has taken cold, and is feverish, has eaten or drunk heartily immediately after a lively drive, or whether there are symptoms of colic, or some injury has taken place to the mouth or the jaws. No. It is lampas, and the red-hot iron must be applied—nothing else will do.

TRUE, THE LOT OF THE HORSE IS A HARD ONE, AND IF WE CAN DO ANYTHING TO ALLEVIATE IT, TO AROUSE MEN TO A MORE MERCIFUL CONSIDERATION OF THE NOBLE ANIMAL, WE SHALL CERTAINLY FEEL HAPPIER EVERY TIME WE SEE ONE.

Last week we noticed a new book upon the horse, by Edward Mayhew, and expressed the opinion that it is the best work, probably, ever written upon the subject. Since that expression was made, we have given the book still more careful attention, and find abundant reasons for the belief then expressed. Below we copy a portion of what the writer says in regard to the *imaginary* disease of lampas in horses:

That affection is supposed to consist of inflammation, which enlarges the bars of the palate and forces them to the level of or a little below the biting edges of the upper incisor teeth.

Would the groom take the trouble to examine the mouths of other young horses which "eat all before them," the "lampas" would be ascertained to be natural development; but the ignorant always set upon faith, and never proceed on inquiry. Young horses alone are supposed to be subject to "lampas"; young horses have not finished teething till the fifth year. Horses are "broken" during

small potatoes.—Some years ago, a gentleman visiting a farmer at Toland, Conn., took from his pocket a small potato which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer took it in his hand to look at it. A little boy of twelve at his elbow asked what it was. "O, nothing but a potato, my boy; take and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at that time. The boy, however, not despising small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them in the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and seed for several hills was obtained for the next spring. The product was all kept for seed, until the fourth year, the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels. The farmer, seeing the prospect that by another year the potato field would cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise.

"SHOULD HOGS RUN IN THE ORCHARD?"

—This is a question frequently asked us.

Answer.—The advantages of allowing hogs to run in the orchard are, that they consume the wormy fruit, which falls early, thus preventing the multiplication of insects, and future loss by them. This is certainly a great advantage. Hogs are not the only animals that will eat wormy apples; but peaches, plums, and cherries are not consumed by other stock. We have seen good effects from allowing hogs to run in plum orchards. The disadvantages arise from the uncleanliness which they occasion; and if persons wish to be very particular in this respect, they may gather the affected fruit by hand, and feed it to such animals as they choose—the only difference being in the greater labor of the latter course.—*Ohio Farmer.*

PREPONTE, Pa.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 30, 17, 14, 24, is a river in France.

My 16, 26, 6, is a county in Virginia.

My 16, 7, 21, 24, 2, 29, 7, is the town in which my whole was born.

My 22, 13, 3, 21, 24, is the county in which it is situated.

My 6, 7, 15, 24, 5, is the state in which the county is situated.

My 16, 26, 1, 15, 9, 17, is a town in Cuba.

My 6, 25, 16, 15, is a river in Spain.

My 16, 22, 18, 1, 23, 20, 4, is a city in Austria.

My 20, 29, 17, 14, 27, is a county in Texas.

My 15, 18, 5, 12, 28, is one of the United States.

My 1, 11, 18, is a county in Mississippi.

My 27, 21, 25, 26, 27, is a strait in Europe.

My whole is a great General.

PREPONTE, Pa.

MARTIN WALTER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 82 letters.

My 67, 23, 47, 78, 52, 82, should command respect.

My 53, 21, 69, 46, 73, 89, 48, is an accomplished man.

My 25, 17, 40, 40, 12, 14, is one of the seasons.

My